THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXIII—No. 1476

MARCH 30, 1932

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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NOTABLE ABSENTEES

Several gossip writers discovered that Lord Marigold was nowhere to be seen at Ascot! Where was he?

As a matter of fact, on Gold Cup Day, when his horse lost by two lengths, he was beaten over four lengths of the Palace Swimming Pool. Mrs. de la Creme was also missing from the Royal Enclosure. It was she who beat him.

The London Season is too long, too stuffy, and—let's be frank—too expensive nowadays. We don't want to wreck it entirely, but if you must spend two months out of the regulation three in town, spend the other in Devonshire. We recommend May or June. The roses and things look rather nice just then.

Golf, Tennis, Croquet, Bowls, Squash, Badminton, Swimming, Gym. Dancing, Cinema, etc.

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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The Bystander, March 30, 1932

the BYSTANDER

No. 1476. Vol. CXIII

Exclusive photograph by Yevonde

MISS ROSE BINGHAM

A studio portrait of one of the most beautiful girls in Society. She is a keen and excellent dancer and is often seen at the most popular dinner and supper places in the West End

On the left is seen a portrait of Miss Margaret Whigham, who was one of last year's debutantes, specially drawn for THE BYSTANDER *by Pat Charles. Below is a caricature of her made in Cairo during her recent tour in Egypt, when her fiancé, the Earl of Warwick, was a member of the party*

MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM

Two impressions of the attractive fiancée of the Earl of Warwick, to whom she became engaged in Egypt

The Passing Hour

Now that the moral ban on foreign travel has been raised the Continent is once more perking up. Two or three of the Cadogan sisters—you know whom I mean—are at Cannes. Sir Walter de Frece, the King of Sweden, Prince Wilhelm, and the Count of Mainu—the self-styled Prince Lennart of Sweden—are also in the South. At Monte Carlo black turned up fourteen consecutive times—three more than on the occasion when the Duke of Westminster was backing it in the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo four years ago.

All sorts of celebrities have disappeared to the Riviera. Four extra coaches have been put on the Blue Train—and no wonder, now that the pound is worth fifteen shillings and every kind of inducement is being offered us by hotel proprietors to travel abroad. For a few weeks, at any rate, it is going to be almost cheaper to go abroad than to stay in England, so drastic are the temporary reductions.

Although we are in April, quite a number of well-knowns, including the slim marquess, have gone off to Switzerland to taste the belated joys of ski-ing. Others have tried Kitzbühel and St. Anton in the Austrian Tyrol, where the exchange is easier. M. Michel de Buisseret, Lady Hadfield's nephew, who went to the latter place, is full of enthusiasm for the ardours and endurances of the local ski-ing school, which is even more drastic in its regulations than life at Mürren.

After a month he knew more about it than people who had been to Switzerland for four consecutive years. But once a week he was allowed to retire to bed for the whole day, so bruised and fatigued he had become. This was despite the fact that any pupils of this famous ski-ing school have to be in bed by ten o'clock.

"JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS' MEETINGS"

Lord Charles Cavendish, the younger son of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, with his fiancée, Miss Adele Astaire, whom he met on her arrival from America. Miss Astaire and her brother, Fred, are two of the cleverest and most popular musical-comedy stars in America, and are very well known in London, where they have often appeared

ON BOAT RACE EVE

The Countess of Birkenhead and her younger daughter, Lady Pamela Smith, enjoying a joke with Sir Harry Brittain at the Eve-of-the-Boat Race Ball. It was held at Claridge's

GOING DANCING

Lady Marguerite Bligh, the only daughter of the Earl of Darnley, and Mr. Lewis Clive at the Primavera Ball, given by Ruth Countess of Chichester, at 41, Berkeley Square. Mr. Clive rowed in the Oxford boat last year

Le Touquet is open this Easter and is making a strong bid once more for English patronage. Deauville will also be open, although poor M. François André, who controls the Casino, the Normandy, and the Royal, must be feeling a little sad at the drop in last year's receipts. They had descended from £400,000 to £80,000, which is pretty serious when the £400,000 was in turn a big drop on 1930.

To revert to the South of France, Lord Louis Mountbatten will have arrived there by now with his team of naval polo players, the Bluejackets, who did so well last year at Deauville. He and his wife have been in Malta for some time. Perhaps I may have missed it, but I do not recall that Brook House, their Park Lane residence, has yet been bought, and I believe that Chesterfield House also awaits a buyer.

Though *it* is no longer unpatriotic to travel abroad, the announcement has arrived rather late in the day as far as the Continent is concerned. Most of the great British liners, and, in particular, the Mauretania, are more or less booked up for all their cruises until

the late summer. I went to a travel agent the other day to make enquiries on my own behalf, and there is very little left, at least among the less expensive parts of the ship. Take my tip. If you want to go on a cruise this summer, make your reservations as soon as possible.

It so happened that I was staying in a country house only six miles from Warwick when Miss Whigham arrived for the week-end with her father. It created tremendous excitement locally. Miss Whigham was credited with the statement that she will get married in London on June 23, the week after Ascot. A preliminary list of bridesmaids include Lady Bridget Poulett, Lady Weigall's débutante daughter, and one of the Beaton sisters. There is a noticeable absence of the names of one or two of Miss Whigham's set. But that is by the way.

While in Warwickshire I visited Stoneleigh Abbey, Lord Leigh's country place three or four miles away from the county town. The rooks were cawing their hearts out, and the whole place looked remarkably trim.

I also heard a number of old-time hunting anecdotes and was informed that some years before the War Lord John Watson, Lord Valencia, and Lord Willoughby de Broke had the reputation of being the finest masters of invective in the hunting field. Those days have passed.

I am also told that the new gate-house keeper at Kenilworth is writing a history of the place. He is a very clever man and, through the female line, is, he says, descended from most of the ancient personages with which Warwick is connected. He certainly knows his history from the earliest times.

Below : Mr. A. P. Hutchins, Royal Artillery, and his bride, Miss Nina Marian Hunt, of Boreatton Hall, Baschurch, with the best man and bridal attendants. They were married at All Saints' Church, Baschurch, near Shrewsbury

IN AID OF CHARITY

Miss Peggy Gordon-Moore and the Hon. Sheila Berry, who sold programmes at the Gala presentation of the fine Rene Clair talkie, "A Nous La Liberté" at the Rialto. It was held in aid of Princess Christian's Home for Mothers and Babies

A SHROPSHIRE WEDDING

WELL MET AT THE MEET

The Earl and Countess of Brecknock (left) with the Marchioness of Abergavenny at a meet of the Eridge. It was held at Bayham Abbey, Lamberhurst, the seat of the Marquess Camden

The Easter holidays, which began even earlier than usual, certainly made London very empty just previously. However, there was the dance and reception in honour of King Fuad's anniversary at the Egyptian Legation in South Audley Street, and there were several cocktail parties given by people to make them forget the fact that they had to stay in London.

Ciro's, in the meantime, sent out rather an earnestly worded notice to its members announcing that it was closing for a month from March 24 and urging them, if they wanted to see the club in its old appearance—with the traditional green and orange decorations—to do so quickly. I gather that when we see it next it will be entirely transformed.

It was with interest that I heard last week of the appointment of Percy Alliss, our best golf professional, to the golf course nearest the home of Miss Betty Duprez. Guests at her father's house will in future have the inestimable advantage of being coached by this famous player. I imagine that very elastic rules have been made, however, so that he can compete in money matches as often as possible. Otherwise, I do not see how he can hope to make the £1,500 a year which he wants to earn.

The guests of Mr. and Mrs. Horlick at Little Paddocks, Sunningdale, also had the chance for a lot of golf as well as tennis on the hard courts there this Easter. There is always the possibility, too, that the Prince of Wales will

A CANINE INTRODUCTION

Mrs. G. Hodgkinson introduces her pet terrier to hounds, who appear very blasé at a meet of the Mendip at Priddy Hill. Her husband, Capt. G. Hodgkinson, is Joint-Master with Capt. D. M. Wills

be playing over the course. One can hardly suppose that he will rest content with the somewhat second-rate course in Windsor Great Park.

OTHER plans for Easter included a visit to Henley by Lord and Lady Hambleden (he is said to carry the largest life insurance of any man in this country); of Lord and Lady Desborough to Taplow Court near by; of Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring for Cowes; of Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton for Scotland, which has also attracted the Dowager Lady Glentanar as a guest of Lady Douro at Strathfieldsaye House.

When, by the way, will the engagement of Lady Anne Wellesley be announced?

THE weddings on the tapis are many and variegated. Mr. Richard Jenks, the Lord Mayor's son, is to marry Miss Du Cros. Lord Plender is marrying Miss Stevens at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on April 27. Sir Windham Carmichael-Anstruther is marrying Miss Rechnitzer, and there are several others in the offing, together with a number of extremely "snappy" divorces.

MR. EDWARD TATHAM was almost furtive when I saw him at a cocktail party the day before Miss Adele Astaire arrived from New York. The reason was evident. Lord Charles Cavendish knew that a great deal of attention would be drawn to his arrival at Southampton to meet the future Lady Charles Cavendish. So Eddy Tatham, who has so often been an usher, was asked to fulfil a new rôle and bring her back.

MISS ASTAIRE has been staying at the Carlton Hotel, which she has always patronised on previous visits. So far, she has kept very much out of the limelight,

A LONDON WEDDING

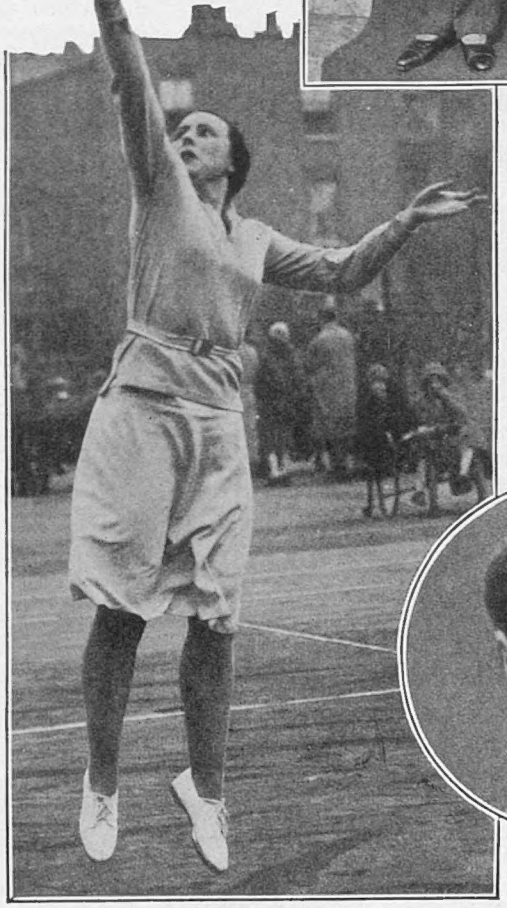
Mr. P. Vincent Pelly and his bride, Miss Pamela Mary Des Vœux, the only child of Sir Frederick and Lady Des Vœux, leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bridegroom is the second son of Sir Harold and Lady Pelly

and it will not surprise me at all if the first sign of her new estate will be the bald announcement that she has been quietly married in the country—unless, of course, she is married at the church in Down Street, Piccadilly.

THIS church has a remarkable gift for avoiding all publicity. Lady Seafield and Mr. Studley-Herbert were married there with no alarums at all. So were both daughters of the Duke of Newcastle. It is, in fact, one of the only West End churches where you can get married with no fuss at all. You cannot say that even of the Register Offices, the records of which are scanned daily by keen reporters from Fleet Street.

ALTHOUGH it is some days ago now, it would be impossible to refer to the activities of London without some reference to the Rugger Ball at the Dorchester, where there were no fewer than seven different "club" bars on an upper floor. It was all very gay, although the Prince of Wales, after all, did not put in an appearance. One of the guests was Mr. Ted Wakelam, who broadcasts all the international matches. Others included Carl Aarvold, the Danish-sounding captain of England, Sir Thomas Devitt, and W. W. Wakefield. What a time they all had!

AT Cannes Sir Philip Hunloke has been very much in evidence. Lord and Lady Jellicoe have a house-party on their return from Madeira. Altogether, there is every sign that yachting will come back to its own this year. In the big class, Shamrock V will be raced by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith. Candida, Astra, and Westward



A YOUNG ENGLISH HOPE—

Miss Susan Noel playing in the final of the Mixed Doubles of the Chiswick Hard Courts Tournament. She and her partner, C. A. Magrane, beat W. A. Ingram and Miss P. Bouverie, 6—1, 4—6, 6—2

—AND TWO FRENCH HOPES

Marcel Bernard (left) and André Merlin, who, though both still in their teens, did so well for Paris in the lawn tennis match against London. The former beat H. W. Austin in the singles, and the the latter, playing with Bernard, beat Austin and Olliff in the Doubles

will also appear. The last-named yacht belongs to Mr. T. B. Davis, who always makes his guests work almost as hard as the crew.

LADY JOAN VILLIERS has had a wonderful time in Egypt with her friend, Miss Eileen Brougham, and her aunt-in-law, Mrs. Kenneth Richards. Her step-father, however, Mr. Rodney Slessor, is still ill, and has gone off to Majorca, which is becoming more fashionable

AT THE PRIMAVERA BALL

Lady Alethea Buxton, Mr. J. M. Longley, Miss Culme-Seymour, Mr. Julian Rakes, Mr. Stephen Peel, and Miss Susan Pember at the Primavera Ball, organised by the Countess of Chichester

More dancers at the Primavera Ball, for which Mrs. Robert Mathias lent her house at 41, Berkeley Square. Seen above are the Earl of Chichester, Miss Hermione Cassell, and Mr. M. Russell

LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY

Who competed in the Ladies' Race at the Cotswold Hunt Point-to-Point. The meeting was held at Hunt Court, Brockworth

every day. Her sister, Lady Anne Villiers, is also unwell. Poor Lady Cynthia Slessor, her mother, has been having a very worrying time all round.

MADEIRA has also been very popular recently, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster have just left it on their way to Mirmizan, near Biarritz. Lord and Lady Plunket were there some weeks ago, where the Dowager Lady Pembroke and Montgomery has been another guest. Lord and Lady Hereford in the meantime have returned from the West Indies.

THESE are only isolated items in a general maelstrom of holiday making. It is not until after Easter, then we can tell exactly how gay the season is going to be. In the meantime Lady Linlithgow has taken her daughter, Lady Anne Hope, up to Hopetown House; Lord and Lady Durham are staying at Torquay; and Mrs. Philip Kindersley has gone to Cannes.

THERE is no doubt about it. People who have stayed in England since last summer are obsessed with a desire for foreign change (in both senses of the word), for foreign smells and smiles, and casinos, and even foreign customs. They feel that they have been good too long, and are longing to get away again.

VERY few London clubs are doing well nowadays, but it is not only they that are feeling the pinch of bad times. Lawn tennis clubs, of which hundreds have sprung into existence since the War, are also finding competition difficult to face, and members are insisting more and more on having something to do there as well as play tennis. Last summer's cold and wet has brought home to club committees the necessity for

A SPORTING OCCASION

A new pack known as the "T.V." Beagles has been started at Gibraltar by Major C. H. S Townsend and Commander P. Vivien, R.N., and the above photograph was taken at the meet held at Palmones Bridge. Seen from left to right are Colonel Glyn, Gen. Sir Alexander Godley, the Governor of Gibraltar, Lady Godley, Miss Peggy Barne, the whipper-in, Major Townsend, the Master, and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu

doing something to amuse members when a game is not possible, but finance often stands in the way of adding to the amenities. Those which have the money to spend—and spend it—will attract more and more members be times good or bad.

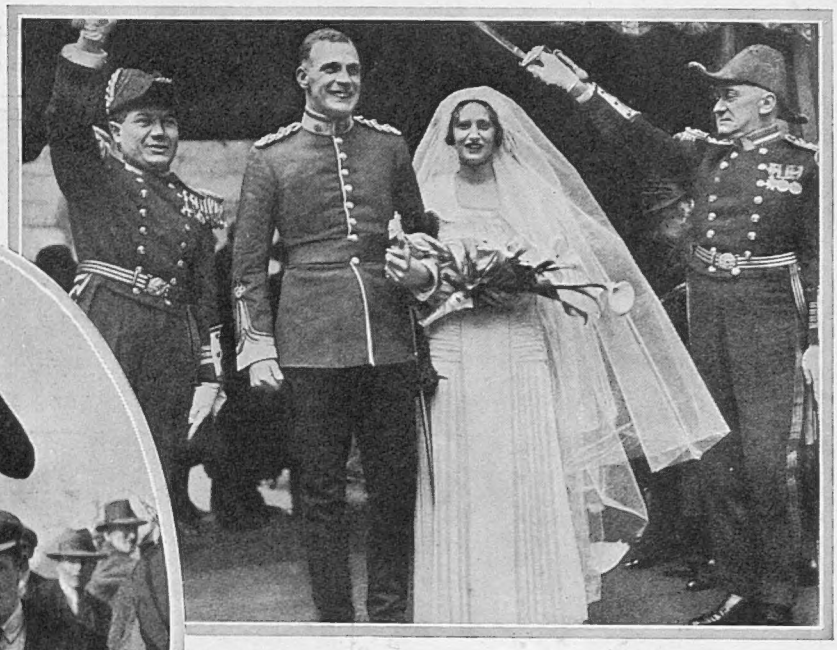
At the present time there is a strong agitation afoot for a fixed Easter, and all sorts and conditions of people are clamouring loudly for this alteration to be made. As a matter of fact, whether Easter comes early or late it all too often seems to coincide with a bout of more than usually unpleasant weather, and the rain which fell unceasingly all Good Friday last year was almost too bad to be true. If we have a fixed Easter we can at least absolve the Golden Numbers from responsibility for any unpleasantness as far as the weather is concerned.

A FIXED Easter would certainly be welcomed as far as THE BYSTANDER is concerned, for the holidays play Old Harry with the publication and printing arrangements, and since Easter fell so early this year, it made it a matter of impossibility for a description of THE BYSTANDER £500 Golf Trophy competition recently played on the Addington Palace course to be included in this number. However, full details and photographs of the competition, for which, by the way, a record number of entries was received this year, will appear in our next week's issue, which will be on sale on April 6.

ALTHOUGH there were one or two notable exceptions, many of our seaside towns were granted an hour's extension of the permitted drinking time during the Easter holidays and for once in a way the stranglehold of Dora was loosened slightly to the satisfaction of all concerned save that little army of killjoy fanatics whose great business in life consists in the minding of that of other people. The result of the concession should prove—if any more proof were needed—that Britain is an ideal place in which to holiday, and but needs a fair chance in the way of freedom to prove it to the world, but whether we shall ever be fortunate enough to regain a state of freedom is quite another matter. Meanwhile, we can only struggle bravely on against a handicap which is both insulting to our intelligence and ruinous to our pockets.

A SERVICE WEDDING

Officers of the Royal Navy provided a Guard of Honour for Mr. Charles Kidwell, Cheshire Regiment, and Miss Rosemary Russell Roberts. They were married at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street



ENTER THE WINNER

Mrs. A. Masters up on her mare, Saucy Countess, after winning the Open Race at the Tipperary Hunt Point-to-Point. The meeting was held at Cashel

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

I was wide of the mark for the Lincoln and National and hold up both hands. Fire away and — miss, because I give you my assurance I shall make amends.

Follow these :—

***Go Easy** attracted shrewd backers and was the feature of the betting on the Lincoln. The six-year-old ex-'chaser ran with great promise, and losses should be recovered in the near future.*

***The Roumba** in a field of twenty-four youngsters put up a very game show. Was slow at the start. Backed down to 4 to 1 at Lincoln. Looked in fine fettle.*

***Ethelwulf,** favourite in a field of seventeen for a mile and a quarter race, was very unlucky at Lincoln. Was being sent into the lead when a horse cut across him and spoilt his chance. One to watch at a North Country meeting.*

***Bilked,** fourth to the smart Dinah Desmond at Lincoln, was staying on better than the majority of others in the field. Should soon pick up a race in the North.*

***Dooley,** confidently supported to win the Lincoln, is in the Newbury Spring Cup with bottom weight and if started stands a great chance.*

***Perfect Night** is likely to prove one of the best three-year-old sprinters. She ran the much fancied High Hill, to whom she was conceding 22 lbs., to a head at Lincoln.*

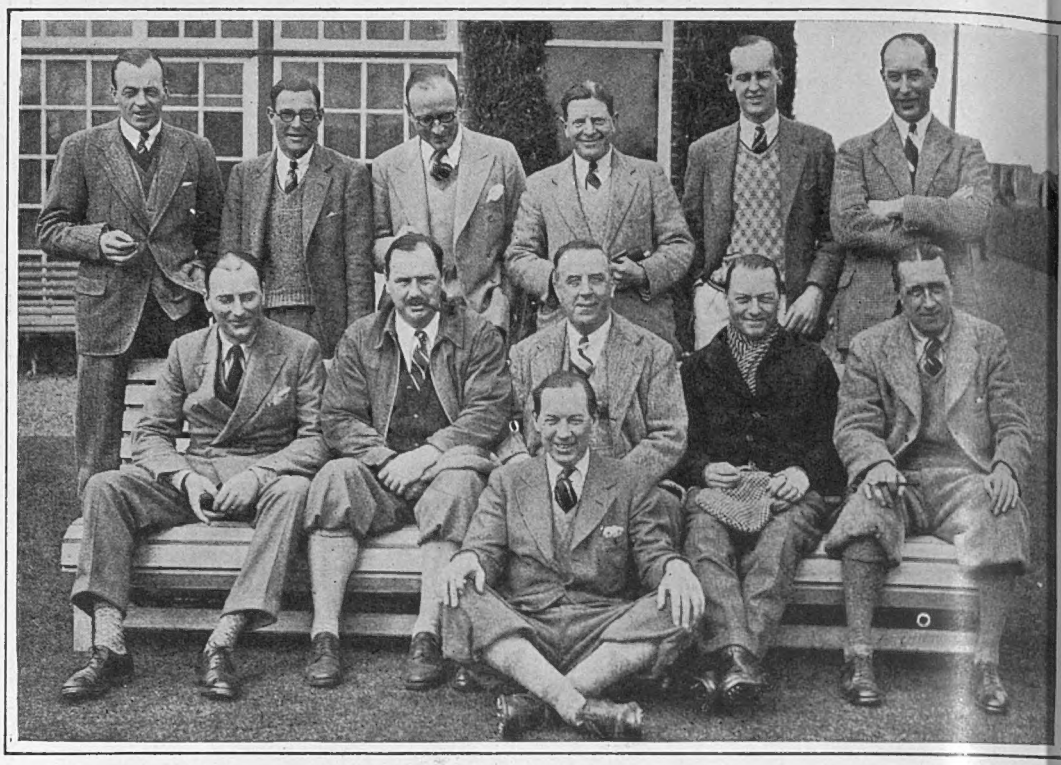
IN "OULD OIRELAND" By MEL

Impressions of well-known personalities of the racing world in Ireland as seen by our caricaturist at the Baldoyle Races

THE HALFORD HEWITT CUP AT

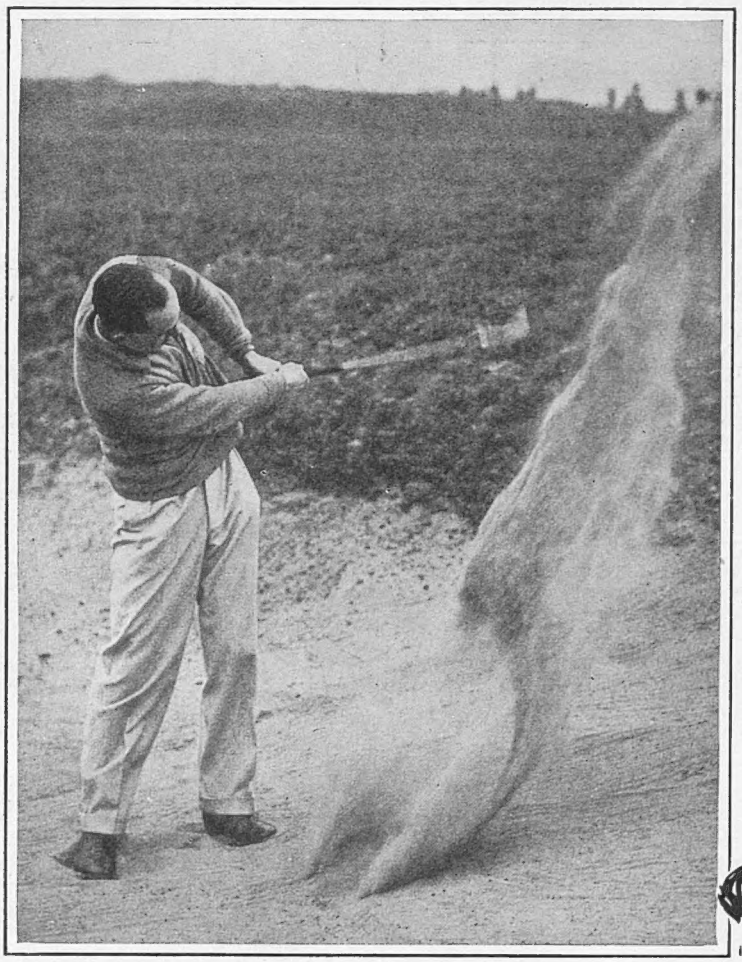
DIFFICULT FEAT

Our artist declares that the footwork of E. F. Storey (Old Salopians) was quite good, and if the above is a strictly truthful impression we will not contradict him



THE WINNERS—THE OLD CARTHUSIANS

Mr. Halford Hewitt, himself an Old Carthusian, with the winners. Those who beat the Old Rugbeians in the final were C. V. L. Hooman, J. B. Beck, R. L. B. Sanderson, T. A. Bourn, J. H. Thompson, V. C. Longstaffe, C. F. Woodbridge, F. G. Weare, G. P. Jackson, and S. F. Morrison. Further photographs and caricatures by H. H. Harris appear on pages 608 and 609



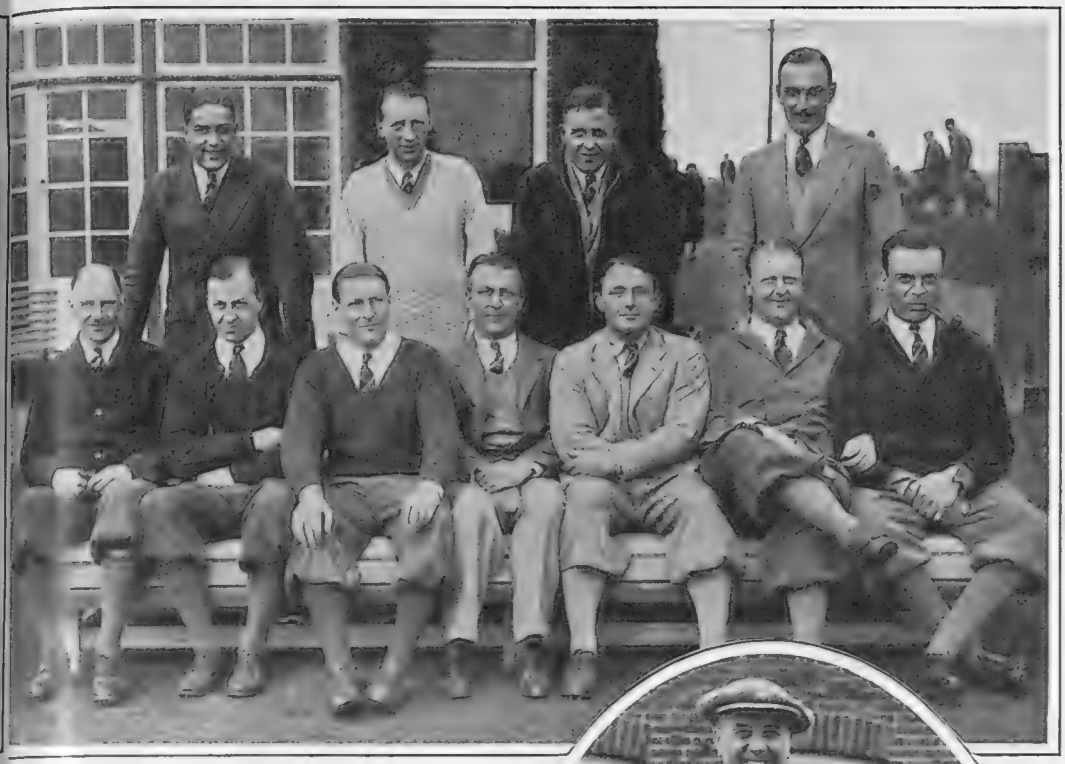
A SPOT OF BOTHER

G. P. Jackson (Old Carthusians) finds himself bunkered during the final. He and his partner, S. F. Morrison, lost to H. M. Gow and L. Evelyn Jones by 6 and 5

MY STARS—AND STRIPES!

If our artist is to be believed—and he is usually regarded as a second George Washington—Dale Bourn and R. L. B. Sanderson (inset) came over all American playing for the Old Carthusians

T)EAL: OLD BOYS IN ACTION



THE RUNNERS-UP—THE OLD RUGBEIANS

The Old Rugbeians, who lost the final by three games to one with one halved. Their team comprised J. S. C. Maughan, J. Mellor, D. H. Martin, A. S. Bradshaw, D. Watson, A. D. Cave, R. Mays Smith, G. Simpson, H. M. Gow, and L. Evelyn Jones

THE GIFT OF TONGUES

J. S. F. Morrison, tastefully arrayed in his famous Mother's Dressing-Gown get-up, selects a brand new adjective from the Golfers' Dictionary

"TO-DAY I FEEL SO HAPPY!"

Right: Mr. Halford Hewitt (centre) with two of the winning team, F. G. Weare and R. L. B. Sanderson, who obviously do not regret their victory to any marked extent

GREAT MOMENTS IN GREAT LIVES

E Martin-Smith gives due consideration to the selection of a new No. 20 iron from his little bag of props

THE GREEN IN SIGHT

A. J. Evans (Old Wykehamists) approaching the 18th in the semi-final against the Old Carthusians. The latter team won by five games to none

Hors d'Oeuvres

by "CAVIARE"

Claude Harris

MISS JOY DE LEVIS PRIZER

Whose engagement has been announced to Major Charles Mundey, M.C., Royal Fusiliers, the son of the late Major Stanley Mundey, of Nasby Hall, Northampton. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rodney de Levis Prizer, of Grosvenor House, Park Lane

WHAT a lovely chinchilla coat the Comtesse de Villeneuve has! She is very chic and wears the lowest cut evening dresses! Another attractive figure is Lady Brecknock. She doesn't doll herself up; she doesn't fight to be in the limelight; she doesn't insist on being heard; she just looks and is very sweet—what a perfect example for some of our young marrieds to follow.

SPRING is in the air, and so is an interesting engagement. Yes, he is very rich. Yes, she is very poor. No; "they" won't like it, but it might be worse.

MISS ELIZABETH ALLAN, our most entrancing English film star, is almost the double of Miss Barbara Hastings. I noticed them at the Embassy one evening near to each other, and was struck by the resemblance. Miss Coral Pinckard in certain moods is very like Lady Haddington, and, of course, Mrs. Cecil Pim and Mrs. Archie Campbell are always being mistaken for each other.

I THINK it so clever of Miss Margaret Whigham to marry a good-looking young man, among other things. The men-folk of the younger set may be amusing, but they are not good-looking—Mr. Clarence More, for instance, or Mr. Charles Birkin, or Mr. Eddie Tatham.

THE real berets are luckily becoming old-fashioned. The very, very young look sweet in them, like Mrs. Robert Brand's daughter and Miss Pole-Carew, but for older than twenty in an east wind—no! However, Lady Chesham braves one occasionally, and, of course, manages to be a success, as usual.

Bertram Park

MISS NORA HONOR RAMSAY

The second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ramsay, of Howletts, Canterbury. She is engaged to Mr. K. A. W. Johnston, the younger son of Colonel and Mrs. Johnston, of Lesmurdie, Elgin

MISS ADELE ASTAIRE has everybody's good wishes for her forthcoming marriage. She is so popular even women adore her, which is unusual for such a very successful person. She has more pep and go in her little finger than in the limbs of most English families put together.

A RACING baronet is very faithful to two fair charmers—a blonde and a brunette.

GARY COOPER is having a great success over here, all the lovely ladies fighting for his favour, but I must say he treats them very impartially. He is great friends with the Countess Frasso, who is amusing and chic in a most intelligent way.

WHO are the most attractive men in London? someone asked. Lord Westmorland, Lord Sefton, Mr. Francis Lederer, and Major "Fruity" Metcalfe were close runners-up. Jack Buchanan got a large number of votes, and so did Mr. John Loder.

ONE of the most striking figures at the successful party given a little time ago by Lord Beaverbrook was undoubtedly Mrs. Cunningham-Reid. She is one of the few women who know how to carry jewels these days, and her lovely red hair is decoration in itself. Everyone present seemed to be enjoying themselves tremendously.

MRS. BAILLIE-HAMILTON has got so thin she is more elf-like than ever. Mrs. Vera Bailey is another Peter Pan personality who looks absurdly young. She is great friends with Joan Barry, who is having an outstanding success on the films, and elsewhere.

WHY is a tall, good-looking young man so very bitter? Surely he is a little to blame. She is so pretty, and casualness is unforgivable.

MISS CELIA PALMER, one of Mayfair's most amusing people, is very angry because so many feminine fools accuse her and Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale of writing this page. They have to spend their time contradicting these false charges. To make things easier for the curious I have black hair, brown ears, two eyes, a red nose, and thirty-two teeth.

SPECULATIONS about the Duke of Norfolk's marriage continue, but he seems very happy as he is—and why not? The rumour-mongers seem to have given up the Prince of Wales as a bad job, but they always have a whisper or two handy about Prince Henry.

WHY has the mother of a titled debutante refused all invitations to a lovely and hospitable country house? Can the reasons be entirely personal?

MY prize this week goes to Lady Diana Wellesley for being the quietest and most dignified of the younger set, as well as very beautiful.

MISS VERA CROSSE Lenare

Who is to marry Mr. James Cassels, Seaforth Highlanders. Her fiancé is the only son of General Sir Robert Cassels, K.C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., the Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Command in India, and of Lady Cassels

GETTING ENGAGED

TWO RECENT ANNOUNCEMENTS

Below : Miss Elizabeth Loeffler, the daughter of Capt. H. Loeffler, who is engaged to Mr. John Musker. Her mother, who was very popular in Society, was killed in the tragic Meopham air disaster

Lenare

MISS ELIZABETH LOEFFLER

Yevonde

MISS OLIVE PLUNKET

Lenare

VISCOUNT MILTON

Viscount Milton, who is engaged to Miss Olive Plunket, is the only son of Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam and a Lieutenant in the Royal Scots Greys on the Supplementary Reserve of Officers. Miss Plunket is the cousin of Lord Plunket, who succeeded to the barony in 1920

FILM STARS OF TWO HEMISPHERES

THAT SINISTER SECRET SERVICE

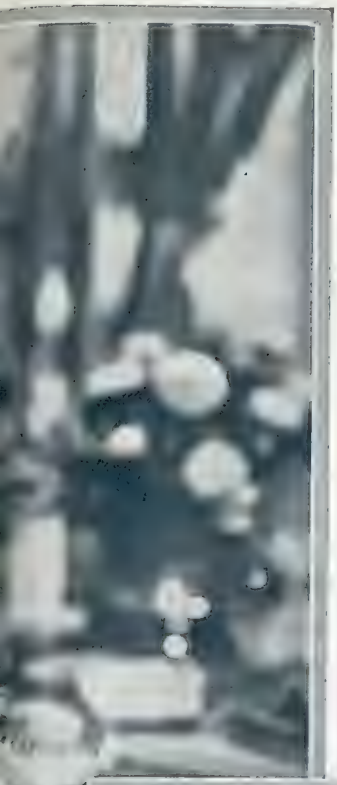
Warner Oland, looking a typical villain of the deepest dye in "Shanghai Express," gives his orders to the beautiful spy. As Marlene Dietrich plays the part, it is easy to imagine how even the strongest and most silent of he-men could be inveigled into parting with their secrets

THE COMPLEAT ADVENTURESS

Above: Marlene Dietrich as the bold bad spy in the new Paramount film, "Shanghai Express." The action of the play takes place in a railway train, so it is not to be wondered at that she scores a signal success

THE CAP AND THE CAPTAIN

Left. Clive Brook as the noble British officer who, to judge by the crest in his cap, is in the R.A.M.C.! being vamped by the "Shanghai Lily" (Marlene Dietrich) in "Shanghai Express." The fact that the proceedings include an exchange of headgear suggests that the fair vamp served her apprenticeship on 'appy 'appy 'Ampstead 'Eath



MARLENE DIETRICH

IN THE AMERICAN FILM, "SHANGHAI EXPRESS"

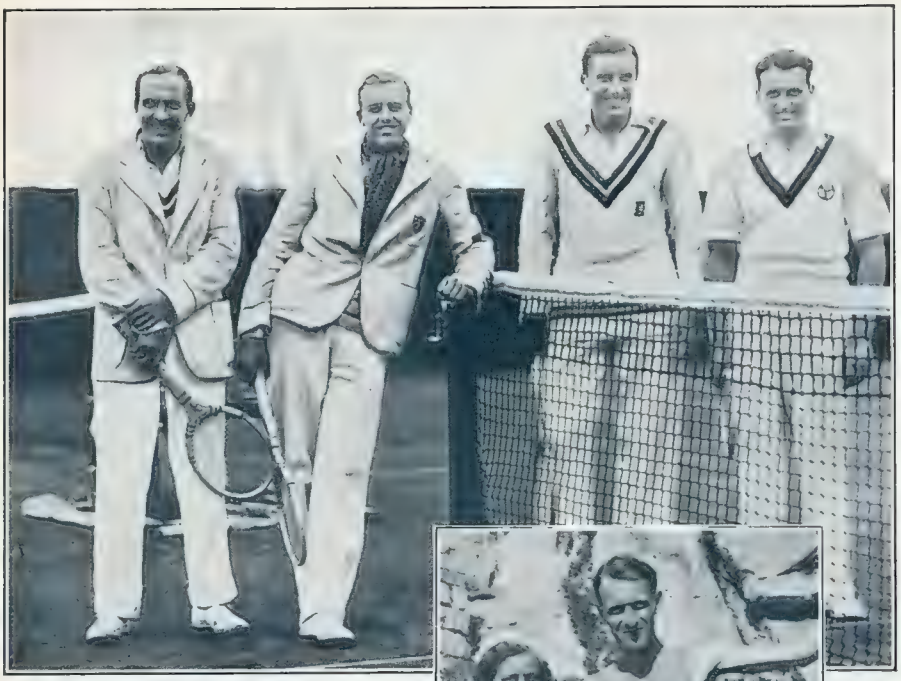
URSULA JEANS

IN THE BRITISH TALKIE, "ONCE BITTEN"

Ursula Jeans, the star of the new British talkie, "Once Bitten." It is a Twickenham production directed by Leslie Hiscott for Fox release. Like many other of our own stage actresses, she has added considerably to her laurels since taking up film work seriously

Left: Dino Galvani, Frank Pettingell and Jeanne Stuart in a scene from the British talkie, "Once Bitten." The moral is, obviously, "Two's company, but three's a crowd!"

THIRD-PARTY RISKS!



IN THE WEST INDIES

Berkeley Bell and Sydney Wood (left), the American pair, and their English opponents, F. E. Perry and H. G. N. Lee, who met in the final of the men's doubles in the Bermuda Championships The victory went to the Englishmen

EN VACANCE

Right: Miss Muriel Cochrane, the daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. J. K. Cochrane, and her fiancé, Mr. Cecil Madden, the playwright. They are seen at Eden Roc, Cap d'Antibes, where they have been on holiday

A MINISTERING ANGEL *Pollard Crowther*

Henry Ainley as "Azarias the Porter," who in reality is the Archangel Raphael, seen in the doorway with Morland Graham, "Tobit," and Frederick Piper, "Tobias," in a scene from "Tobias and the Angel." This outstanding play by James Bridie is running at the Westminster Theatre

if Gossip

THE Irish Free State will, of course, eventually get the £12,000,000 by means of sweepstakes—a sum for which, I understand, they are aiming. And good luck to them. Their endeavour to put all Irish hospitals on a sound financial basis for ever, to clear away slums (that will, to a large extent, clear away much of the need for those luxurious hospitals), and to apply the money got from English pockets in such a simple and sensible fashion deserves to succeed. The suggestion in some quarters in England that a proportion of this money should go to English hospitals is a superbly amusing piece of irony. Only an Englishman could have made it. The argument is that England is much too sanctified a spot for there to be any indulging in public gambles within its own confines, but that there is no harm in reaping benefit from those conducted elsewhere. Why, by the way, since the famous Grand National sweep was wholly illegal in this country, was not every newspaper prosecuted for publishing a list of the winners?

THAT would indeed have been fun. Think of the editors of *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Morning Post*, and so forth, with many others, huddled together, like the Dartmoor convicts, in a specially constructed cage! It would have been a mighty good thing, too, since such a prosecution would have aroused a pother loud enough "to stretch from here to Mesopotamy." The essential silliness of the whole state of the law in its relation to sweeps would be revealed, and the law altered in double-quick time. Then there would shortly be an end of the pathetic spectacle of English hospitals having to go hat in hand while Irish hospitals are supported by English money. And I, for one, see no dreadful wickedness in a sweep organised for its own sake and not in aid of anything or anybody save those lucky enough to draw winning tickets.

THE other day the House of Lords and the House of Commons presented an instructive "double event." In the former Lord Lovat (who has all the pluck of a distinguished ancestor whose end was unfortunate) performed useful service by drawing attention to the fact that the International Labour Office at Geneva, which does nothing in particular and does not do it particularly well, costs Great Britain £54,000 a year. Its director, a Frenchman, is paid yearly a sum larger than that of our Prime Minister. In the House of Commons Sir Philip Sassoon pointed out, in answer to a Labour demand to reduce still further the Air Force vote, that we have ruthlessly scrapped seven-eighths of the magnificent Air Force we had at the close of the War, and have now sunk, with regard to this important arm, to fifth on the list of nations. If we could transfer the £54,000 from the aforesaid International Labour Office, where it is worse than useless, to the Air Force, where it would do a lot of good, we would all feel better and a trifle safer.

HOWEVER, if the International Labour Office still survives there is one piece of international foolery which has at last died the death, unwept, I trust, by all save its founder. I allude to the World League against Alcohol, founded by Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson a dozen or so years ago. Mr. Johnson was rather badly treated when he paid us a visit, and he showed himself a bit of a sportsman in trying circumstances. But his League was an evil piece of attempted tyranny, and, in view of the appalling results of Prohibition in America, I am surprised that it lasted as long as it did. This marks one stage forward in the fight against silly prejudice. There is a long way to go yet. But

we must

this is perhaps sufficient until next week.

AMONG a myriad of suggestions for helping the London stage out of the parlous condition in which it is supposed to be is one to the effect that prices in theatres should vary in accordance with the splendour and general expensiveness of the entertainment. It is absurd (it is argued) to expect the public to pay the same for a straight comedy with a small cast as for a vast musical production with a chorus, splendid dresses, and a dozen changes of scene.

I DO not agree. Here is simply another instance of the old fallacy of judging a picture by its size. Why should less be paid for a brilliant little play by Coward, Maugham, or Lonsdale than for some dull magnificence with stale humour and reminiscent music? True, there are many comedies which do not attain to the Coward-Maugham-Lonsdale standard of brilliance, just as there are some (though not many) expensive musical shows which are not dull. But on the whole I have been more bored by musical than by non-musical entertainments, and have found them worth more.

IF you want to see Society life as it really isn't, let me advise you to make a point of seeing a talkie entitled "Two White Arms." The films can usually be relied upon to trip up over some little point of detail, but not all crash quite as heartily in this respect as does the talkie in question. Adolphe Menjou has certainly not been too happily cast as a Major in the Royal Marines, who is a wealthy landowner into the bargain, and it is difficult to believe that any Major, be he in the Royal Marines or any branch of the Services, would, when offering to show the girl of his heart round his home, invite her in all seriousness to "come and look at the ancestral halls." How "Ouida" would have loved that!

BUT I doubt if "Ouida" would have loved the gallant Major quite so much had she seen him in the act of selecting and smoking a cigar. Having taken one from a box he bit off the end in true Far West fashion, and proceeded to smoke it with *abandon* and a band on! When it would be possible at the cost of a few pounds to hire the services of someone mildly conversant with the niceties of convention to advise producers on such points, it is a pity that such stupid gaffs are allowed to mar our films.

I AM delighted to hear of the efforts being made to establish an open-air restaurant this summer in one of London's "wide open spaces." If it is to be run on the lines of Paris's Damenonville, or Pre Catalan, it should be enormously popular, and add much to the brightness of London and its attraction for visitors in consequence.

M. RENÉ CLAIR

The most discussed film producer of to-day, whose latest talkie, "A Nous La Liberté" has been enjoying a big success at the Rialto Theatre in Coventry Street. He recently visited this country to assist in a charity performance organised by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke

Walter Bird

DOROTHY BLACK

As she appears as the religious fanatic, Mary Lassells, a lady-in-waiting to Henry VIII's fifth wife, in "The Rose Without a Thorn." This successful play by Clifford Bax is running at the Duchess Theatre

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Above: Victor Melbourne (Robert Andrews) encircles the waist of his mother (Marie Tempest) when he and his sister Virginia (Yvonne Rorie) pay their mother a surprise visit in a scene from "So Far and No Father." This play by H. M. Harwood is housed at the Ambassadors Theatre

Yvonne Gregory

MME CLEO NORDI

Who danced in Pavlova's ballets for many years and is now dancing in "Helen!" at the Adelphi. She is the wife of Mr Walford Hayden the well-known musician

There is only one place of this sort at present—the tea restaurant in Kensington Gardens, where many years ago I used to be energetic enough to go and have breakfast on summer mornings. Mighty pleasant, too.

There is a lot of nonsense in the old notion that the English climate makes such al fresco or semi al fresco enterprises impossible. No such wide difference between London and Paris exists in this respect. Indeed, with the lessening of the London smuts the two cities are much more on a level than they used to be.

THE café system, with its terraces, could be quite possible over here if the pavements and the minds of those set in authority over us were alike broader. Even the cold would not be an insuperable obstacle, since in the winter time, Paris, realising this, dots stoves about among its little tables and chairs in the open air. Everyone is warm and nobody is drunk. And if they are not all happy, at any rate they look happy.

One day last summer I was vastly pleased and impressed at the sight of a little restaurant at the back of Victoria Station with some tables just outside it on the pavement itself. I suppose the proprietor has been prosecuted by this time.

MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE is not only one of our best actors, he has written a first-rate book of reminiscences in "Let's Pretend," which has promptly been given a place on my most-used shelf. He calls this, in a subtitle, "Recollections and Reflections of a Lucky Actor"—but that is his modesty. He has not been particularly lucky; he has just worked hard and used his intelligence. That the powers-that-be have endowed him with great histrionic ability is the only form of luck that has come his way—and it is, of course, a pretty important form.

MR. HARDWICKE has met most of the great ones in the world of art, music, letters, and the drama, and he writes about them in a most intriguing way. I like, for instance, his account of the racing proclivities of those two fine musicians Sir Edward Elgar and Sir Granville Bantock. The two musical knights are great friends. Often they would be found on the lawn of Sir Barry Jackson's garden on fine summer days discussing that mysterious element known to the racing world as "form," and trying to spot winners from a dirty and much-creased sporting paper. At one time they declared (not, I imagine, in all seriousness) that it would be more profitable to give up music altogether and to embark on business as "Elgar and Bantock, Turf Accountants and Commission Agents"!

JUST as the stymie at golf is often a subject of debate, so is the net cord shot at lawn tennis, which the Germans are seeking to abolish.

THOSE STAID VICTORIANS!

Jenny Dean giving a spirited rendering of that popular Victorian song "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" in "Revudeville Three," at the Windmill Theatre. Gerald Osborn is rendering vocal support with "Champagne Charlie," a song of even earlier vintage created by George Leybourne

By FRANK FORD

"John, why can't you take more interest in everything? This holiday's going flat!"

THE KEYS TO SUCCESS

Al Jolson, whose "soul-sob" song to one "Sonny Boy" proved such a tearful success. He is seen at his piano fingering and figuring out another number with which to move all hearts

ANN DVORAK

The leading lady in the new Howard Hughes talkie production, "Scarface." As the title implies, this film deals with the adventures of a King of Bootleggers

But as one who has umpired in his time many a match at Wimbledon and elsewhere, I hope the net cord will remain a net cord and not be played as a let. To add to an umpire's labours by having to decide whether a ball has or has not faintly grazed the tape, as is often the case, is really asking too much, and also penalises the player who has made a good shot when the ball is not deflected. In cases such as this, it is almost impossible for an umpire to judge a net cord by sight, and if he attempts to do so it is more than likely that his verdict will be a faulty one. His only sure and really certain test is to put one foot on the cord near the post and feel for the vibration—a somewhat tiring attitude to adopt for any considerable period of time.

"AYE, THERE'S THE RUB!"

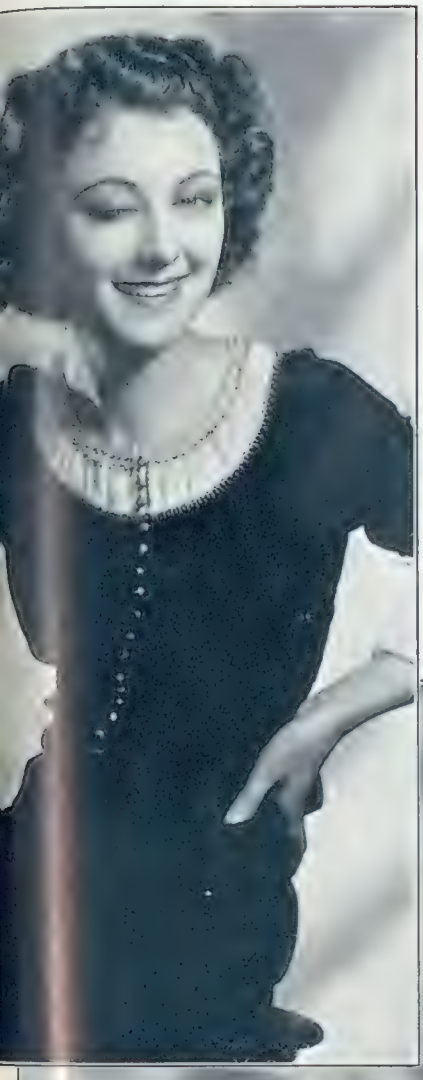
Mr. Eric Maturin, the well-known actor, says that evening dress in the stalls should be compulsory and men in lounge suits should be refused admission.

IF ever Eric Maturin
Sees mufti in a stall,
He says "Those clothes, sir, that you're in
"Will never do at all.
"Though lounge-suits in the pit are right
"In stalls they do not sit
"The very slightest bit aright,
"In fact, they lack all 'it'"

In future, in the fauteuil, where
I sit to watch a show,
I'll have to see the coat I wear
Is strictly comme il faut
For fear some large commissionaire
Ejects me on my ear
And says "Your dress omission ne'er
Shall pass with honours here!"

But Mr. Maturin, alas,
Has overlooked the fact
That when the house is "thin," alas
It's not much fun to act
To gleaming shirts that drape a one
In an expensive way,
If each front is a "paper" one
And money stops away!

B W



BILLIE DOVE

Below is seen Billie Dove, the attractive leading lady in the new United Artists' picture, "Cock of the Air" Chester Morris is the leading man

By Webster Murray

"How distinguished your father looks with those white hairs of his"
"Yes I gave him them!"

TRANSPARENT! By Starr Wood

Suggested design for a memorial window to London's Night Clubs. For the benefit of those who graced the Modern Side at school, the translation of the Latin on the scroll may be rendered as "Trust Not to Appearances"

Claude Harris

MISS BETSAM HORLICK AND MISS SUSAN HAMBRO

The former, who is the daughter of Lady Oppenheimer and stepdaughter of Sir Francis Oppenheimer, K.C.M.G., will be presented at Court this season. Miss Hambro, who was among last year's debutantes, is the daughter of the late General Sir Percy Hambro

MY WEEKLY THOUGHT

by

NORMAN THWAITES

IN these days of artistic experiment, when would-be painters, sculptors, and musicians, devoid of true talent, seek to startle the world by the grotesque, I find a visit to the National Gallery and to Queen's Hall restores a sense of proportion and re-establishes good taste, just as the recent exhibition of French art at Burlington House had the effect of fortifying confidence in one's own judgment.

Cant and humbug dissolve. The eye and ear resume their natural functions of rejecting what is unworthy.

BUT most of us are so dishonest or so cowardly in our appreciations that we are prone to tolerate the ugly. Personally, I would rather hear the bromide remark, "I know nothing about painting, but I know what I like," than the meaningless mouthings of "soul rhythm," "tone poems," and such jargon.

The fact is that our critical faculty is numbed or dumbed by the fear of being thought uncultured. We accept in silence, or with apparent appreciation, monstrosities that conflict with the evidence of the senses. This atavistic return to cave-man stuff should excite either rage or ridicule in the normal bosom. Too often it secures acquiescence, and the marble maulers and canvas daubers are allowed to get away with it.

THE same jargon obtains in so-called musical circles, and we are asked to admire discords that offend the healthy ear. These bombardments of disharmony are an offence when first heard, but, "after being fired at once or twice, the ear becomes more Irish and less nice," to use the Byronic phrase.

IT is reported that Lady Snowden recently stated that if she were a dictator she would insist upon every citizen being taught to sing, whether he had a voice or not. Appalling thought! If I were not afraid of the shout of wrath that would go up I should venture to assert that, of all races, we are the least musical, and this in spite of the gifted group of composers we can boast to-day. Certain it is that several nations we are pleased to regard as less civilised than ourselves are more appreciative of musical effort and more productive than we.

THERE are people who insist that music is the highest of the arts, whereas, of course, it is the lowest, and the only one we share with the lower creation. I am told that oysters and sea anemones respond to musical sounds, and we are familiar with the reactions of dogs, though we remain in doubt as to whether their howling contributions indicate anguish or ecstasy. Neither poetry, nor painting, nor sculpture will cause a repercussion when presented to the most intelligent hound, and even Mr. Epstein's "Genesis" would awaken no interest in my fox terrier unless a canine comrade had paid a prior visit and expressed his opinion.

I AM free to admit, however, that, after a patient study of that gargoyle created by Rima's author, I began to find something impressive, almost sublime, in its bold contours. I suppose one can learn to admire anything by taking thought. But why, with malice aforethought, debase one's natural good taste?

Still "nursing the unconquerable hope" of achieving notability or notoriety, these throw-backs continue periodically to procure interest by false pretences. Happily, these efforts—ægri somnia—are ephemeral. The art galleries of the world preserve none of these sick men's dreams.

SOME very fine buildings have been erected in London recently. Having achieved dignity, we have defaced them with impudence, placing upon them carvings which we dub sculpture for no better reason than that we fail to understand them. The street urchin, with more discernment, finds matter for merriment in these "decorations" as he passes on his way. It was, perhaps, only in keeping with things that the first Epstein statues used for the sake of decoration were placed outside a building in which were the offices of a medical paper!

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Mr. Thomas James and his bride, Miss Elizabeth Eliot, the only daughter of the Hon Montague and Mrs. Eliot, all smiles after their wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bridegroom is the only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Cuthbert James and of the Hon. Mrs. James

By J. E. Broome

THE MALTA OF THESPIAN ART

Prominent members of the Malta Amateur Dramatic Club as they appeared in the successful production of "And So To Bed." Miss Campbell, who is seen in the bottom right-hand corner, is the daughter of His Excellency the Governor, General Sir David G. M. Campbell

RECENTLY I read an apologia for one of our "advanced" artists: "He is not attempting to reveal a new truth about the human body, but something beyond the body wrapped up in the physical or mental life of a man, and therefore calling for expression in terms of human form." Can you beat that? My complaint is precisely that it is not the human form, but the libellous presentation of it by an unskilful hand.

There are painters and sculptors lymphatic
Who see beauty with eyes astigmatic.
Where curves should be found
Mere bulges abound.
Let us register protest emphatic.

CONSTANCE CARPENTER

The new leading lady at the Aldwych Theatre as Evie Wynne in "Dirty Work"

THE QUEEN WHO WAS

"The Rose Without a Thorn," at the Duchess Theatre

SKETCHES OF "DIRTY WORK," AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

I THINK that it must have been due to a spate of new productions that, when it was first presented at the Duchess Theatre, I missed seeing—and criticising—*The Rose Without a Thorn*. A temporary lull in theatrical activity gave me a chance of discovering why this historical play by Clifford Bax has achieved popularity, for popular it certainly is.

WHAT is more to the point it deserves its popularity, for out of what must have appeared to some a most unpromising theme, Clifford Bax has made quite an interesting play. He starts off by showing how young men of King Henry's Court are attracted by Katheryn Howard, and how that young woman—who was no better than she should be—realises that King Henry VIII is looking upon her with an eye which is far from fatherly, despite the disparity in their ages.

IT is true that King Henry is at that time married to Anne of Cleves, but this marriage, with Cranmer's aid, is as easy to dissolve as sugar in hot tea, so that there is no reason why Katheryn should not become Queen if she can interest the King sufficiently. This laudable aim Katheryn achieves by King-taming. She shows no fear of his tantrums, and treats him with little respect. The King takes stock of the lady, and, in the stupid way which men have, believes he knows all about her, when in reality he knows precious little, his judgment being blinded by passion.

FOR instance, Henry, poor mutt, did not realise that though she might really love him, she was of the type who could also be exceedingly fond of—and kind to—one or two other younger men at the same time. In his bluff way when, later on, his eyes are opened, he calls his consort a very ugly name, and, if history and Clifford Bax are correct, Katheryn thoroughly deserved the description.

THAT is one thing I like about this play. The author has not attempted to turn Katheryn into a heroine of melodrama. He has stuck to history and not sought to explain away the fact that the Queen was not averse from taking her fun where she could find it, and the conclusion of a really good first act, after showing Katheryn having a vision of her future fate, hints that the truth as to her goings on will eventually be revealed through the agency of Mary Lascelles, lady-in-waiting to Anne of Cleves, the German woman who was quite content to be an ex-queen so long as she had plenty of dresses and trinkets,

Crooks are caught in "Dirty Work," but the scene above shows them free for the moment. Hugh Stafford (Henry Hewitt) and Leonora Stafford (Margaretta Scott), the crooks in question, are asking their supposed accessory, James Milligan (Ralph Lynn), to hand over the boodle which, unfortunately for them, he does not possess

A QUEAN

By Vernon Woodhouse

and allowed to eat to her stomach's content.

IT struck me that the next two acts are not on quite the same high plane as the first, though here history may be at fault, even more than the author, in not providing a good theme. Twelve months later, in the garden at Hampton Court, we see the King, happy and made younger by his uxoriousness, having his felicity shattered by the breath of scandal. At first it is only the Queen's pre-nuptial indiscretions which reach his ears, and it is about these that an inquiry is held.

AT this inquiry, though her past peccadilloes are proved, Katheryn might have got away with it but for the fact that the king learns that since her marriage she has so far forgotten her vows that one of the young men of the Court has become her lover. Then there is nothing for it but executions all round, as was the usual method of the period. Chop! off go the heads of all her lovers. One more chop! Her lady-in-waiting, Katherine Tinley, finds corpus bereft of cranium. Yet one more chop! Off goes Katheryn's head, and King Harry VIII of England is left a lamenting widower.

WHAT is not made very clear in the play is why Katheryn was given away. Cranmer, who figures largely, seems to have no valid reason for wishing the Queen harm; all the Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas Audley, can complain about is that Katheryn pulls his leg, while the only excuse for Mary Lascelles to "spill the beans" is that she suffers from a Non-conformist conscience more in keeping with the Cromwellian than the Tudor period.

HAD I been producing this play I should have begged the author to dispense with a masque in Act II, which holds up the action. I should also have suggested that the finish of the play where clowns are engaged to make the King laugh on the day of his wife's execution should be dispensed with, for they fail to make the audience laugh.

IN this most interesting play where the dialogue is written without attempt to imitate the archaic, Frank Vosper makes a memorable figure of Henry VIII. He looks the part, if Holbein was an accurate portrait painter, and in the playing of it clearly shows both the King's strength and weakness. Angela Baddeley looks beautiful, and has good moments as the naughty Queen.

THE pictures on this page, I may add, are not drawn from *The Rose Without a Thorn*, but from *Dirty Work* at the Aldwych Theatre, which seems to be prospering, and should well fill the bill until Tom Walls returns to England.

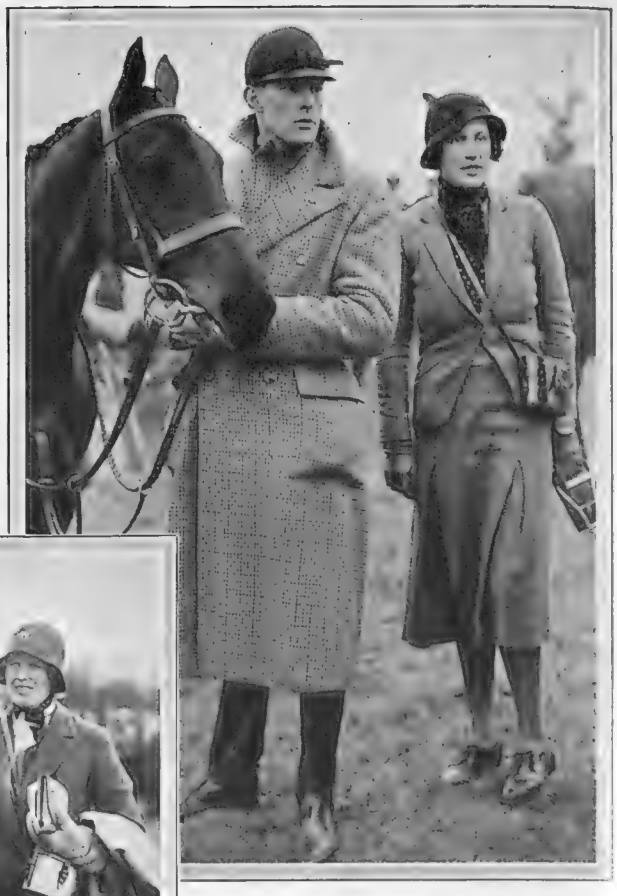
FINALLY, I have an apology to make to a couple of archangels. All unwittingly last week I ascribed a good deed which leaves a boy scout panting at the post to Gabriel instead of Raphael. It was the latter who was the heavenly visitor in *Tobias and the Angel*. I should like to make my peace with them now in the light of future eventualities. V. W.

Some of the "Dirty Work" at the Aldwych consists of a fake burglary, and for the part of the perfectly innocent burglar Clement Peck (J. Robertson Hare), centre, is selected. Though distinctly averse from playing the rôle, his aversion becomes still more pronounced when he learns that James Milligan (Ralph Lynn) insists upon removing a tell-tale moustache. His struggles are rendered null and void by the tenacious grip of Mrs. Bugle (Mary Brough)

In addition to the removal of a moustache and the addition of a wig to the classic cranium of Mr. Clement Peck (J. Robertson Hare), seen on the right, the plot entails James Milligan (Ralph Lynn) disguising himself as a policeman and pretending to make an arrest. They are seen above caught in the act by our artist, while Mrs. Bugle (Mary Brough) registers amazement at such goings on in a West End shop—even after closing hours

THE HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL AND MR. W. FILMER-SANKEY

On the left are seen the Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall and Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey at the Belvoir Hunt Point-to-Point meeting. Held at Barrowby, near Grantham, it was an all-round success



PICTORIAL POINTS
From the Point-to-Points

Above: Mr. G. E. Bouskell-Wade and Miss Bouskell-Wade are seen in the paddock at the North Warwickshire Hunt Point-to-Point at Banner Hill, and, on the left, Brig.-General George and Mrs. Paynter are seen before one of the races at the Belvoir Hunt Point-to-Point

CHATTING AT THE 'CHASES

Mr. James Baird, with Lady Sheddon and the Countess of Kimberley, at the Belvoir Hunt Point-to-Point at Barrowby, near Grantham

SITTING IT OUT

Miss Ulrica Thynne finds the doorway of a car provides a comfortable resting place at the Belvoir Hunt Point-to-Point. With her is Lord Blandford

ORESTE NOVERRO

ORESTE NOVERRO AND THAIS

Below : *Thais in a striking head-dress*

The Golden Dancers

Mythology interpreted in the medium of the Dance

Oreste Noverro and Thais, the Hungarian dancers who are very well known on the Continent, recently made their first appearance in Western Europe, when they presented their Mythological dances at the Savoy. The unusual effect of these strange dances is enhanced by the appearance of Oreste Noverro, who is painted in shining gold

THE FIRST HOME

The first three competitors to finish in the Ladies' Race at the South and West Wilts Hunt Point-to-Point at Kingston Deverill. On the left is Miss Holroyd, who finished second; in the centre is the winner, Mrs. N. Edwards; and on the right Miss Hunt, who filled third place

A CLEARANCE SAIL

Taking the brook in the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts race at the North Warwickshire Hunt Point-to-Point. It was held at Banner Hill, near Kenilworth

THE LAST FENCE

Mrs. Edwards, on "Irish Flier," leading the field over the last jump in the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts Race at the South and West Wilts Hunt Point-to-Point. Behind her is seen Miss Hunt, who finished third

A WINNER

Mrs. K. McGregor with her horse "Ott won the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts ac Warwickshire Hunt Point-to-Poir at

DIANAS OF THE 'CHASE

NNER
horse "Ito," on which she
Hunts ace at the North
to-Point at Banner Hill

IN THE PADDOCK

Below: Miss Diana Bell waiting for her horse before taking part in the Ladies' Race at the South and West Wilts Hunt Point-to-Point. With her is her mother, Mrs. Bell

READY FOR THE FRAY

Miss Kelly, another competitor in the Ladies' Race at the South and West Wilts Hunt Point-to-Point

THE FIRST FENCE

Another photograph of the field in the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts Race at the South and West Wilts Hunt Point-to-Point, showing the field taking the first jump. The winner, "Irish Flier," is seen second on the right just before taking the lead

SWEET AND HAR-LOW

A "close-up" of Jean Harlow, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, who plays the leading part in "The City Sentinel." That versatile actor, Walter Huston, is the male star

Best Seller

by

Ethel Mannin

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMPSON

POPULAR success can be a terrible thing. It all but ruined Shane Finsted. No, this is not a story of a good man gone wrong through swelled head. Shane was that rare thing—an authentic artist. He wrote. Everybody does that nowadays, of course, but Shane wrote really well. Which makes his success all the more tremendous. He didn't set out to be a success, and he didn't want success when it came. No, this isn't a story of "Success Comes Too Late," either. It couldn't come too late for Shane, because he had no use for it.

He wrote a book because it was there in his head and would give him no peace until it got set down on paper. He wrote it in his spare time, after office-hours—for he was an accountant—and when it was written he thought it might as well be published, because he might get a fiver for it, and then he could get that portable wireless set Brown wanted to sell him cheap, and be able to listen in to Bach. For that was the sort of man Shane was. He liked Bach. He asked no more of life than a living wage and to be able to listen to Bach in peace.

Every time he got to the end of a chapter of his book he thought about the portable wireless and the Bach concerts he would have in his little room that looked out over a forest of London chimneys. He never expected to get more than the wireless out of his book, but if he got that he felt that he would have everything he could ever wish for. He called his book "The Farm." Because that was the sort of man he was, too. He couldn't be bothered with high falutin titles. The book was about a farm at which he had spent summer holidays during his boyhood, and it didn't seem to him to matter much what a book was called. If it got good notices, he thought, people would read it—and if it didn't they wouldn't read it. In any case, he was not particularly interested in whether the people read the book or not; so long as he got it written so that it didn't nag at him any more, and so long as it brought him that portable wireless . . . that was all that mattered.

The first publisher to whom he sent the manuscript looked upon the book and saw that it was good. He would have had to have been a congenital idiot not to. Shane could write as few people have been able to write since Pater. His style had both austerity and poetry, and he had something to say. There was no "mission" or propaganda in his work, he had no axe to grind, but there was a story in him, and poetry, and a feeling for life, and for words.

So the publisher said he would publish the book if Shane would agree to call it "Mists of Desire," which was a "better selling title," he said. Shane did not see what either mists or desire had got to do with his drama of a farm, but he did not mind what the publisher or anyone else chose to call it so long as there was five pounds in it. The publisher sent him an advance of twenty pounds, and Shane bought a good gramophone and a selection of Bach records, because, after all, there wouldn't always be Bach on the wireless, and he wouldn't want to listen in to anything else, and, seeing that he unexpectedly had enough to buy a good gramophone and the records he liked. . . .

"Mists of Desire" proved to be a good title for the book, because it attracted the people who like a little thrill with their fiction, whilst at the same time its sheer literary merit interested reviewers and that small section of the reading public which is really interested in literature, and doesn't care what a book is called so long as it is good.

So in a little time everyone was talking about "Mists of Desire" and calling Shane Finsted a genius. Reviewers said he showed "promise," and prophesied that he would soon be "in the forefront of modern novelists." They likened his work to that of Dostoieffsky, which, of course, is the right thing to do when a young novelist—"a coming novelist"—shows "promise." . . . Shane didn't know about this because he was too busy listening to Bach to have time to read his reviews. Besides, he wasn't interested. Every time he listened to the andante movement of the "Concerto for Two Violins" he went straight into heaven.

People wrote to him about the film rights, the dramatic rights, the foreign rights, the serial rights, every possible kind of rights, in the book; he never read the letters properly, his head was throbbing with the endless, lovely repetition and crescendo of the "Concerto," and he dropped the letters unanswered into the waste-paper basket. People wrote and asked him to speak at dinners and clubs and debating societies; editors wrote and asked if they might have the honour of a contribution from his pen . . . and Shane scarcely noticed, for his soul would be on fire with a Bach fugue. . . . His publisher urged that he must write another book—and Shane merely thought him importunate and silly. Why should be write another book just because he had written one? "Everybody does," his publisher urged. "One good book deserves another!" Shane thought his publisher merely a bore. "But don't you care that you have talent—genius?" people protested. "You can't stop now—you've got a future. . . ."

Shane felt himself that he had a future—a future listening to Bach music. He could think of nothing drearier than a future devoted to writing books. There were too many books in the world as it was, he thought, and people were feverishly writing books every day—thousands of books being produced all the time; there was no need to add to the flood. He hadn't wanted to add to it—it was merely that he had to get that story out of his head, plus the fact that he wanted five pounds.

EVERYONE talked so much about "Mists of Desire" that it was generally imagined that it sold hundreds of thousands. "Everyone" had read it. But, as is so often the way with books, not everyone bought it. "Queues" at the library gather no cash for the author. The longer the waiting-lists at the libraries the smaller the author's sales, because all the people who are waiting are not buying the book, and the libraries can only take a limited number, however long their waiting-lists.

So that whilst everyone imagined that the book had sold hundreds of thousands, and that its author had made thousands of pounds, Finsted was still working in his accountancy office, and had netted a modest few hundred pounds in royalties, which, being a careful soul, he put in the bank as an emergency fund to ensure against sickness, unemployment, old age, whilst the great British public imagined that "that young author, Shane Finsted, must be simply rolling in money."

A FEW months after the publication of the book Finsted's firm went bankrupt, and he was out of a job. He lived on the money he had saved from the book. Now, you cannot live indefinitely on a few hundred pounds, and Finsted began to be frightened. He knew that living on capital was bad. He saw his bit of money dwindling, and he still could not get a job. Then he thought that he might perhaps try to write stories, as various editors had suggested. He did try—but without success. There were no more stories in him. He could, and did, write beautiful prose, but it was no use for magazine or newspaper purposes, and so editors regretfully "could not see their way" to make any offers for it. If Mr. Finsted would only write a story, now, in the same vein as "Mists of Desire." . . .

BUT that was exactly what Mr. Finsted could not do. And his money dwindled and dwindled. He had an idea that there was a society whose business it was to help authors in distress, so he wrote to them saying that he had no job, that his money was nearly all gone, and that he could not write anything else, so could they help him. The society thought Mr. Finsted's application "frivolous" and in bad taste. How on earth could the author of the biggest seller of the season have no money or be in need of financial assistance? If he had spent so soon the thousands he must have made out of the book that was his own look-out. He had been improvident to the point of gross immorality, and there was simply no excuse for him.

THE months went on and Shane became so worried that he even stopped listening to Bach. He tried to borrow from his friends—and they laughed at him.

"My dear old chap," they said, "*you* on the rocks! Good heavens, you could buy us all a dozen times over, and never miss it!"

Privately, amongst themselves, they considered it a frightful cheek for Finsted, who must have made thousands out of his book, to try and sponge on them. They decided that success had given him a complex about money, and that never having had money before had made him afraid to spend it, so that he had turned into a miser.

Shane began to meet his fellow authors—he thought he might find out how *they* managed. They received him with awe, admiration, envy, respect. They asked him if he would tell them "in confidence" how many thousands of "Mists of Desire" he really had sold, and

"He talked to various members of the crew about what he intended to do in Russia. 'Yo

how much he had made out of it. "It must be a fortune," they said, sighing.

Shane answered truthfully as to the few thousands he had sold and the few hundreds he had made.

His fellow authors laughed and said, "Oh, all right, keep it a secret if you like!" But they were very annoyed. There was no need for Finsted to lie about his success, they said; they had no intention of borrowing from him. You only had to lie about your sales and royalties when you were struggling; Finsted was "made," and a terrific success; he could very well afford to be frank; he did not need to be either secretive or boastful.

Shane saw that they did not believe him, and tried to assure them that, really, he was telling them the truth.

"And I can't write stories and articles that will sell," he added, for their benefit. "I only wish I could!"

Then all his fellow authors laughed very bitterly indeed. "Best sellers always say that," they said. "They always pretend that they can't write—they think it less snobbish than admitting that they consider story-writing and journalism beneath their dignity. It's easy to pretend you can't pander to popular taste when you haven't got to!"

It was useless for Shane to insist that he was only too ready to pander to popular taste if only he knew how. He was a best seller, "a terrific success," he was "made"—everyone said so.

In desperation, nearly starving as a result of his "success," Shane bethought him of Soviet Russia. There, surely, was a country which would deride success as "empty." In the grip of Communism, in which all men were equal, an artist would be no better than anyone else; there art would be regarded as the luxury it was—a bauble for plutocrats—and plutocrats weren't tolerated. It was the very country for a person like himself who refused to take art seriously, and considered it high-falutin and unnecessary. He did not want to be an artist, a creature apart from his fellow-men; all he wanted was a living wage and a little peace in his spare time in which to listen to Bach.

'to help with the Five-Year Plan?' they asked eagerly. 'It will be a good thing'"

On the principle that destitution knows no morality, he would get his publisher to advance him a little money with the idea of his going to Russia and writing a book about it. He had no objection to writing a book on Russia, but he knew that he would not be able to. He had written the only book he had it in him to write. When he got to Russia he would get a job making roads, chopping wood, working a steam-roller, anything; it was immaterial how one earned one's living, one job was as good as another. Then in time he would pay back the advance his publisher had made him and be a free and honest man.

His publisher thought it an excellent idea that the author of "Mists of Desire" should go to Russia. He advertised a forthcoming book by Shane Finsted in his Spring List. "Mr. Shane Finsted, the author of that *tour de force*, 'Mists of Desire,' has what should prove a book of absorbing interest in the course of preparation, 'Russia as I Saw It.'"

So Shane, through the good offices of a trusting publisher, was launched on a Soviet ship, in which, between bouts of sea-sickness, he spent the time listening to Bach fugues and concertos on a portable gramophone. He had in his pockets all sorts of introductions to all sorts of people in Russia. He was surprised to find that there were so many important people in "high places" in a Communist state. But as he had no intention of using any of the letters, he gave the matter no more than this passing thought, and turned the disc on his portable gramophone over to the andante movement. He talked to various members of the crew about what he intended to do in Russia. "You wish to help with the Five-Year Plan?" they asked eagerly. "It will be a good thing." Shane was not concerned with the Five-Year Plan, but he thought it would be a very good thing indeed to have a regular job again, after the harassing precariousness of being a "success."

He was told where to apply for work, and which official he must see. He thought it sounded all very easy. He liked the idea of the Soviet five-day working week; it would give him plenty of time in which to listen to Bach.

(Continued on page 614)

HOWARD MARSHALL on RUGGER

An International Review

BEFORE Ireland played Wales at Cardiff most of us, I think, were a little depressed about the season's International football. After that stirring game, however, our spirits began to rise, and a week later England beat Scotland so convincingly in the Calcutta Cup match at Twickenham that we actually began to be optimistic.

International football, indeed, seems to be taking a turn for the better. The fact that England, Wales, and Ireland shared the championship is not particularly important, but it is interesting because it suggests that England and Ireland are improving.

AT the beginning of the year I would have said that Wales was far and away the strongest of the four home countries. They pressed the Springboks hard, but threw the match away by stupid tactics; they beat Scotland and England; and then, to our surprise, crumbled against Ireland, and were beaten themselves.

When I say that we were surprised, I assume that others have been guilty, as I have, of underestimating Ireland. As my correspondence proves, this is a dangerous thing to do, and twice Ireland have startled us, for they also trounced Scotland at Murrayfield.

C. C. TANNER
The Cambridge and England winger, who has been playing excellently this season

THE truth is that these Irishmen are amazing fellows. They seem happiest when the odds are against them, and their spirit is glorious. To my mind Ireland are the team of the year, and they have some young players who are full of promise. There is S. L. Waide, for example, who is up at Oxford, and a rattling good wing three-quarter he is. That try of his against Wales was a beauty, for he ran the length of the field to score it, and beat Bassett and Ralph on the way by really clever changes of pace.

THEN E. W. F. de V. Hunt has at last come into his own as one of the most dangerous of centres. His methods are unorthodox, but against the cast-iron modern defence unorthodoxy pays, and Hunt, with his opportunism and swift thrusts, is a fascinating player to watch, and has given ample proof that his methods are successful.

THE Irish pack was always full of fire and devil, and the inspired leadership of G. R. Beamish, a classic forward if ever there was one, has kept it up to scratch. What is more, the Irish Selectors have discovered a young back-row man, W. McC. Ross, of Queen's University, Belfast, who is the most likely loose forward I have seen for a long time.

If we could start the season over again now I believe Ireland might win all her matches, though, oddly enough, her closest rivals would be England. This is strange, for England started off deplorably against the Springboks. Never has an International pack scrummaged more wretchedly, and there was little improvement a fortnight later when England were defeated by Wales.

AGAINST Ireland the English forwards were still up to their jack-in-the-box tricks, but then the change began. In the extra trial B. H. Black led the England pack, and actually succeeded in making all eight forwards work. That was a triumph, and it was repeated, though not so conclusively, in the Calcutta Cup match. At last the English Selectors seem to have found front and second row forwards who will shove.

R. J. LONGLAND, G. G. Gregory, and N. L. Evans are the front row men, and a useful trio they are. Evans, I believe, is a really great player in the making—he is only a youngster yet—and Gregory is a typical West Country forward, stuffy, pertinacious, and always on the ball.

R. G. S. Hobbs and C. Webb, in the second row, are powerful fellows, capable of transmitting the weight effectively, though the actual scrummaging against Scotland was not entirely satisfactory. Still, the Selectors have something to work on here, and next season the English pack may be thoroughly sound and solid.

ENGLAND still have to find an outstanding pair of half-backs, for B. C. Gadney and W. Elliott are not an ideal combination. They are quite useful, however, and there is a better three-quarter line behind them than I ever hoped to see this year. D. W. Burland really is a magnificently strong runner, and Gerrard has all the makings of a player. Here are two good centres, then, and C. D. Aarvold and C. C. Tanner have done all that has been asked of them on the wings.

As for T. W. Brown at full-back, he is superb. He joined the company of great full-backs by his display against Scotland, and he completes an English team which has steadily improved until now we may say that the future is bright.

WALES were disappointing. They had some fine players—a heavy, fast pack; a tough and brilliant scrum-half in W. C. Powell; a clever stand-off half in A. R. Ralph; the best wings playing, J. C. Morley and R. Boon, and one of the most reliable of full-backs in J. Bassett.

Somehow they never rose to great heights. Their centres were not quite good enough, and their tactics broke down too often. And then, to crown their sorrow, Bassett failed in the critical match against Ireland, and Wales had lost their chance of winning the championship outright.

"IT WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY"

Celebrating England's Calcutta Cup victory at the Rugby Ball held at the Dorchester Hotel. Harry Coverdale, England's famous scrum-half, observed behind the wassail-bowl being chaired by Jock Wemyss and George Allen

AS for Scotland, they have fallen temporarily into the trough of despond. Four times they were beaten, and such humiliation has never come their way before. They will recover, for they surely have the players, but they will have to make a clean sweep and build afresh next year. The prospect of retaining that Wooden Spoon is certainly not one that finds favour in the eyes of the devotees of Rugby football north of the Tweed!

NEW half-backs, new three-quarters, though G. Wood and W. M. Simmers may play again, and a new full-back they must discover, but until we know what material they have at their disposal we can only wish them well.

"BUDS" of 1932

A further list of Debutantes who will make their curtseys this year

MISS ELSPETH GRANT

The younger daughter of Lady Grant, of the House of Monymusk, Aberdeen. Her hobby is oil-painting, which she has studied in Paris and Dresden

MISS SHELAGH MORRISON BELL

The elder daughter of Sir Clive and Lady Morrison-Bell. She is a niece of Viscount Powerscourt

Left: Miss Rosamund Hornby, who comes out this season, is the sister of Mr. Antony Hornby, who married Lady Veronica Blackwood a few months ago

Right. The eldest daughter of Sir Edmund and Lady Chaytor. Her mother will present her at one of the Courts

Lenare

MISS ROSAMUND HORNBY

Hay Wrightson

MISS LILIAN CHAYTOR

Round The Town
by Jane Gordon

It is a pity that there are not more women in this world who remain faithful to their own good looks. Women who wear the latest fashions and yet remain faithful to certain colours, and their own perfumes that are mixed especially for them, are so much more effective than the women who allow new fashions to alter their individuality. The way that Lady Furness and Mrs. Vanderbilt dress their long hair in coils at the back of their neck, and Lady Furness's habit of wearing long kid gloves with her evening dresses; Mrs. Barran's and Mrs. Peter Llewelyn Davies's barbaric jewellery; Lady Brougham and Vaux's fidelity to black and Parma violet; make them all much more effective than if they allowed fashions to persuade them out of these mannerisms. Lady Furness was out dancing the other evening in a black dress, the usual long gloves, this time of black kid, and she held in her hand whilst she danced one pink rose.

Cotton piqués, muslins, and fine woollen materials are gate-crashing evening fashions most successfully. Mrs. Claude Leigh was dancing the other night in a smartly cut evening frock of white cotton piqué with a large neckace of cotton piqué flowers round her shoulders. Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell was at the same club that evening wearing a white muslin frock with knife-pleated ruffles of the muslin around the décolletage and trimming the skirt; and a woman with another party wore a mauv ish-white woollen material dress with plaited woollen shoulder straps finished with little woollen tassels.

There was one party of more than seventy people at the Embassy a few nights ago, and the host and hostess must have con gratulated themselves on the good looks of their female guests. The Marquise de Casa Maury looked quite beautiful in a black dress. Mrs. Loel Guinness's white crêpe dress with the shaped shoulder capes that formed a deep V décolletage at the back was as becoming with her fair complexion and golden-brown hair as Mrs. Peter Thursby's diamond-studded white dress was to her dark hair and bright colouring. Mrs. Dudley Ward was wearing a plainly tailored crêpe dress of a curious shade of dull blue, the décolletage of which was bordered with dull red crêpe. Her dancing shoes had the slimmest and most elegant heels I have ever seen. Another very lovely guest was Mrs. Richard Norton, who looked quite beautiful in a long, clinging gown of pale greyish-blue satin.

The most amusing bracelet I have seen for ages is one that Miss Rosemary Cohen wears. It is made of a single row of small pearls interspersed with jade beads of the same size, and from it hangs a diminutive white enamelled ornament in the shape of a thermometer, with the tiniest ruby in place of the mercury blob. The thermometer reads "Amitié," then halfway up "Amour," and the high mark "Passion." Miss Cohen assures me that the mercury never rises above "Amitié." The Royal Worcester China people are producing any number of new necklaces this season. One of the most effective is made of white china roses placed on a flat steel chain. The necklace is quite long, and looks best on evening dresses. How wise they were to leave the roses white instead of colouring them. I should think there would be a great vogue for all forms of white china jewellery this summer.

Good parties in these days are rather like thunderstorms. One cannot get away from the rather terrifyingly lightning-like business of the flash-light photographer man. This "intermittent lightning" goes on at Cochran first nights in the foyer, at cocktail parties both in private houses and in hotels, and even in restaurants at supper time. There was an amusing cocktail party at the Dorchester the other night, where there were so many celebrities that flashlight photographs had to be taken the whole time. We all left with headaches, so we knew we had had a good party.

Miss Gertrude Lawrence was there dressed in a coat and skirt of black woollen material with a small white crocheted pull-on hat. Mrs. Adolphe Menjou wore a black crêpe de Chine dress with a white ruffled muslin tie and a shiny white straw hat with a fine black veil with velvet dots on it. A most attractive American girl named Miss Spreckles, who is very tall with very fair hair, was also at the party, and she, too, wore a black crêpe de Chine dress with a white cap on one side of her head made of crocheted flowers joined together.

Lady Dashwood wore an amusing little hat, the shape of those that American sailors wear. It was black, but the turn-up brim was in white. So you will see that all the best hats this week have been white or black and white. Miss Jeanne Sturton, who works in a hat shop—so she should know what is what in the way of millinery—was also wearing a black and white hat during her luncheon hour a day or two ago. Hers was shiny black straw with a large fly-away white ribbon bow.

Now that Easter and the Little Season are both things of the past, the Season proper is already looming on the horizon, and the usual stir which heralds the approach of the summer is to be observed on all sides. Perhaps one of the outstanding points of interest in connection with the new Season is the large number of really pretty debs. who are coming out. This must be a bumper year for good looks.

Pearl Freeman

A DEBUTANTE OF THE YEAR

Miss Priscilla Weigall, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall. She will be presented at Court by her mother during the coming season

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

LADY Lindsay-Hogg, who is better known to playgoers as Frances Doble, is certainly one of the prettiest and smartest of our young actresses. Here she is seen in a lovely tea-gown, or should we say cocktail dress? designed by Peter Russell. It is carried out in two shades of violet colour, a deep reddish mauve for the draped bodice and violet blue for the trailing skirt and the pleated angel sleeves.

Photograph by
Yevonde

Stevens Rockwell

The Honourable Mrs. Richard Norton has chosen for morning wear an enchanting ensemble from Schiaparelli, which consists of a short, fitted jacket of tweed in a dull shade of pink and a dress of brown wool with a sleeveless bodice and a flowing tie of dotted crêpe de Chine to match

Which will

— Spots

New woollens from
show a number of n

A three piece costume of brown jersey with a coat of the same material but spotted, is worn by Mrs. Lance Sieveking. The skirt has three inverted pleats in front and the high waisted jumper has an inset collar and the semblance of a jabot of the spotted material *From Woollands*

Studio St

ou wear

r Stripes?

spring collections

d attractive features

A very short cross-over waistcoat which fastens with two buttons at the waist-line, is hand knitted and boasts a diamond pattern consisting of brown and white stripes on a bright yellow ground. With this is worn a short sleeved shirt of white linen *From Hermès*

lorst, Paris

Scaioni

Beige and black stripes accentuate the chic of this woollen dress and its three-quarter length coat The skirt is quite short and not very wide and the horizontally striped bodice is belted just below the normal waistline. The coat has no collar but is finished with a scarf that ties in front. Molyneux

Perfumes
and their
Magical Influence

IN these days when the study of perfumery has become one of the greatest sciences of the day, involving as it does enormous factories and the employment of extremely highly paid and qualified chemists, it behoves every woman to know not only how to use perfumes but something about them. Fine perfumes, like the musical harmonies which in so many instances they resemble, are not the result of a few moments of haphazard thought. Weeks of study are required in order to make an harmonious blend and this is the reason why such a famous perfumery house as Yardley launch only one creation a year or sometimes even less.

In the first place a woman should choose her perfumes to some extent to suit her personality, and buy those essences which seem best to reflect her moods. All perfumers know that women in general are more intrigued by the initial odour of a scent than they are by its basic smell, so they pander to this taste by giving their creations "top notes" which are very beautiful and flowery.

The mysterious secret of the lasting power of most scents is the presence of a magical component called "Ambergris" which gives to all perfumes not only endurance but something of that subtleness which one discovers in all lovable persons. This ingredient, together with the Musk of immemorable times, is responsible for the strange seductiveness of nearly all fine perfumes.

Bystander Backgrounds

No. 1. The Drawing Room of Mrs. Drury-Lowe

THE first impression of a visitor to this Gloucester Place house is of spaciousness and clear colour. Three tall windows light the drawing room whose pale walls and parquet floor make a perfect background to crisp flowered chintzs and straight backed chairs of Italian blue velvet. Above the mantelpiece hangs the lovely portrait of the chatêlaine, painted by Lavery when she was still Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere, and its fresh blues and pinks form the "clou" of the whole colour scheme. Beneath it an intriguing procession of Chinese figures pick their way delicately across the mantelshelf. This charming room of a young hostess is definite proof that modernity does not reside in chromium tubes or sheets of glass, but rather in the spirit of the owner.

Mrs. Drury-Lowe

a Portrait Sketch by Lucy Kitchen

The S-PORTMANTEAU

BAGGED IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

"CASUAL WATER"

Miss Helen Hicks, American golf champion makes a dive instead of a drive

A LADY OWNER

Left: Miss Diana Plumpton, who partnered A. Tingley in "The Bystander" Golf Trophy

Miss V. Ellis, with Go Easy, which belied its name by finishing fourth in the Lincolnshire Handicap

AN AEROPLANE MADE FOR TWO

Above: Mr. Francis Francis demonstrates to Mrs Francis, who before her marriage was well known on the musical-comedy stage as Miss Sunny Jarman, that their private plane rises to great heights

Archie Compston, the famous pro., giving a few hints at Coombe Hill to Eric Martin Smith, the amateur golf champion, who has just returned from the Argentine

GOLF AND CROCUS TIPS

GERARD FAIRLIE on GOLF

Some Afterthoughts on the Halford Hewitt Cup at Deal

HALFORD HEWITT, whose name appears in the golfing calendar of saints the week-end before the Easter Medal, has just celebrated his annual fête champêtre. The good news was conveyed to ten players from every public school which cared to enter, by the honorary secretaries of their golfing societies, and nearly four hundred stalwarts turned up.

No one, of course, wants any school other than his own to win, but it is a definite fact that once his school is ousted there are very few who do not wish Charterhouse to be the victor. There are several reasons for this preference, one of the minor being, perhaps, that there is a great deal of truth in that usually insincere remark, "May the best side win." Charterhouse not only has most of the famous names, but also (a thing which does not necessarily follow) the men with the ability. But the chief reason for this general desire that Charterhouse should win is purely and simply because St. Halford's parents sent him to Charterhouse when he was but a little saint, and the pleasure which he feels when a victory for Charterhouse may be written in gold letters on the board in the club-house is shared by all those around him.

Halford Hewitt has done another magnificent thing as well as starting this competition. He has gathered to his assistance, ranking just below him in the hierarchy, G. L. Mellin, who does all the work before Deal is ever reached, and Bernard Drew, who takes over when the schools arrive at Deal. To these two, only slightly less than to the originator of this remarkable tournament, do the men who go there pay homage.

IT will be seen, then, that this year's tournament ended in the best possible way—bar one. As Downside could not win I am delighted that Charterhouse achieved its second victory in the history of the tournament. And a worthy victory it was It is difficult to assign chief praise for the success; whether to John Morrison for his captaincy, whether to Ben Travers for the admirable way in which he carried out his duties as a prejudiced spectator, whether to Vic Longstaffe, physically not too well, but fighting like the tiger that he is, once to victory from four down with eight to play, or C. V. L. Hooman right back to his best form, which means right back to the first three in British amateur golf. But it is grossly unfair to mention any by name and not to speak of all who played on the side. The names of Longstaffe and Hooman must remain, however; the former for his amazing fighting qualities, the latter for at least four of the finest shots that I have ever had the privilege to watch played in golf.

One of the amazing things about the Halford Hewitt Cup is the fact that this is the only competition in existence which has no rules. The cup was presented some years ago, and the committee, composed of representatives of all the schools that compete, deals with all matters which may crop up from time to time. Some time ago when the question of jockeying about with pairs in the various teams was considered, it was decided that it was not in the spirit of the competition that schools should play their pairs in any other order than that which they thought was the order of their ability. It was rather surprising, therefore, to find a certain school had removed a player from their second pair to change places with probably the worst player on the side (be it noted—a very good worst player for any side) in the middle of the competition. I have said there are no rules, and I must add that obviously the reconstituted second pair was thought to be the second best pair of the side, but in any case it is very doubtful whether a sudden change of partnership does any good to the players concerned.

AN impression which has come away from Deal with me is that the winning side are composed entirely of men who when placed in a difficult and serious position have the grit to get out of it. This was most remarkably demonstrated during the games, because it was very seldom that the Charterhouse pairs found themselves in a winning position when half of the round in each game had been played, and even at a later stage. Yet each and every one had that ability to pull out just a little extra and to play a life-saving shot just when it was required. I know of no higher praise.

MY third thought is that in view of the imminence of the Walker Cup match it strikes me as being a little surprising that there was no official representative of the Selection Committee down at Deal to watch the play. There is no meeting in the year where so many of our leading amateurs congregate together, many of them players who would do extremely well in the championship if they chose to compete. These men, who might be quite willing to make the sacrifice if chosen for their country to go to America, are many of them those who, without sacrificing a holiday, cannot spare the time for more than one or two long week-ends in the year, and for this reason prefer the Halford Hewitt Cup to the championship. It may be argued against me in these remarks that there is no official Selection Committee as yet appointed by St. Andrews—a statement about which I have my doubts—and secondly, that there are several obvious choices for the Walker Cup team who do not play at Deal. This is undeniably true, but it is not the obvious choices that the Selection Committee has got to worry about; it is those who are going to fill the two or three places at the tail of the team, for which there are at least twenty or thirty possible aspirants. J. H. Thompson and R. L. Burdon Sanderson will, I would wager, appear on the lists of very few casual selectors, but they should appear on each and every one. And they would appear on the lists of those who saw them at Deal, and took the trouble then to examine their golfing records.

G. S.

"JOE" FAIRLIE

Our golf correspondent, as seen by H. H. Harris

A TWISTED TALE

G. L. Mellin was overheard to remark to Halford Hewitt at Deal that he had just seen a snake on the course, but it is fair to add that he only mentioned one!

"THE BYSTANDER" £500 GOLF TROPHY

The competition for THE BYSTANDER Trophy, which took place recently over the Addington Palace course, was a great success, no fewer than ninety entries—a record number—having been received.

A full description of the day's play by "Onlooker," together with many photographs, will appear in the issue of THE BYSTANDER on sale *Wednesday next, April 6.*

No golfer should miss next week's number of THE BYSTANDER.

HALFORD HEWITT GOLF AT DEAL

Further Pictures—Truthful and Otherwise

J. S. F. Morrison (Old Carthusians) and H. M. Gow (Old Rugbeians) fighting in the final

THE OLD FABLE OF THE HARE—TORTOISE—
What the young old boys gained in their mighty swipes from the teeing ground—

THAT SINKING FEELING
C. W. G. Thynne (Old Leysians) putting at the second in the match against the Old Salopians, who won by four games to one

TING-A-LING
Typical specimen of young old boy helping old young boy to find the hole

Seen below:
R. Mays Smith (Old Rugbeians) driving from the seventh in the final match against the Old Carthusians

MOUNTAIN AIR
G. D. Hannay and F. Anson about to yodel in the Alps at Sandy parlour

THE FINAL CLASH

"OH, WHAT A FALL WAS THERE!"
R. Straker put in some grand work for Harrow from the tees, well supported by G. G. M. Bennett—until they fell on the home green!

—APPLIED TO GOLF, WITH THE SAME RESULT
—was lost by the deadly work at the short game by the old young boys

R. L. B. Sanderson (Old Carthusians) and D. H. Martin (Old Rugbeians), opponents in the final

The Hartley Brothers arriving to play for Westminster, for whom they are Big Ben-ifit

V. C. Longstaffe and J. H. Thompson (Old Carthusians), who won their final match against D. Watson and A. W. Cave (Old Rugbeians) by 3 and 2

C. V. L. Hooman (Old Carthusians) driving from the fifth

THESE SPECIAL "BYSTANDER" CARICATURES ARE BY H. H. HARRIS

"Bernado" Darwin almost waggled those two Harrovians (C. D. Gray and R. H. Oppenheimer) off their feet in the second round

NOT SO SHAKY

THE LUCKLESS LOT of NAVAL OFFICERS' WIVES

By "JUNIUS"

"There are in the Navy but two sorts of officers—those who are extremely well-behaved and smug, too good to live, and those who, being the opposite, are too bad to die!"

NOTHING so delightful in its own special way as *Why Birds Sing* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Jacques Delamain, has been published since Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee.* In fact, M. Delamain achieves more than M. Maeterlinck. The great Belgian poet sacrificed accuracy to romance in his story of the bee. M. Delamain gives us absolute accuracy about birds with the romance that makes him consider them "half angel and half bird," and something higher than man.

Now, amongst the Latins you do not look for that eager interest in all forms of natural history which is so common amongst Northern peoples, and ourselves especially. They regard such interest as a mere sentimentality. M. Delamain, therefore, stands apart from his countrymen. His book has been crowned by the French Academy, and is considered—and most justly—as one of the most beautiful contributions to modern French literature.

During the War M. Delamain was famous for making notes on birds when he was a soldier in the front-line trenches. Many of these notes, more particularly those on the golden oriole, are incorporated in this book. Actually, M. Delamain does not tell us why birds sing, but he gives such delightful descriptions of bird life and habits, particularly of the pair of Montagu's Harriers, that bird-lovers will treasure his book as a mine of hitherto unknown beauties. It is the happiest combination of sound ornithology and romance. The translation by Ruth and Anna Sarason is excellent.

Dorothy Wilding

MISS URSULA BLOOM

The author of "The Log of a Naval Officer's Wife." It is published by Hurst and Blackett at 7s. 6d.

LIKE so many wives of naval officers, Miss Ursula Bloom has a grievance against my Lords of the Admiralty. In *The Log of a Naval Officer's Wife* (Hurst and Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.*) she tells us that the naval officer's wife is "so obviously unwanted." Their husbands have no marriage allowances, "although the Air Force officers in the Fleet Air Arm, who share the same expenses as naval officers in the same mess, have ample." The Army admits its wives, but "the naval officer's wife, if she wishes to see her husband for a few weeks, is often forced to travel great distances and at heavy expense." Miss Bloom says: "The attitude of the powers that be, if they are consulted, is very much that of, 'Madam, you can go where you like, so long as you don't bother me—and pay your own expenses.'"

So Miss Bloom, having married a naval officer, found herself a grass widow within a short time of the beginning of the honeymoon. After her husband's ship had left for the Mediterranean she promptly took the next liner to Gibraltar. This was the first of six journeys to Gibraltar and Malta she made in three years. Her accounts of these journeys are most diverting as well as picturesque, but I doubt if Miss Bloom will be very popular with "senior officers' wives." And is this a fair summing-up?

THE mentality of Yvonne Aylmer is beyond my comprehension. She is the heroine of Mr. Douglas Sladen's latest novel, *Eve, an Artist's Model* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), and he tells us that the idea for his story came from a picture by Gaston Guedy in last year's Salon. This picture is reproduced on the jacket. Yvonne Aylmer, generally known as Eve, is an artist's model in Chelsea, supporting two little brothers, two little sisters, and another sister. She sits to Stephen Raymond, a young artist of promise, and becomes his mistress in order not to ruin his career by marrying him. Then a famous and wealthy artist proposes marriage. Eve accepts him for the sake of the little brothers and sisters, but on the definite understanding that their relations can only be platonic. The ordinary marital relationship she would consider as adultery towards Raymond! The husband meekly accepts the situation, and wafts Eve away into a world of all the luxuries.

There she considers he neglects her, and seriously contemplates elopement. In a frank discussion with her husband she says that her relations with the freshcomer would be exactly the same as those between themselves because of her former relations with Raymond. In the meantime that gentleman has retired to Wales, under another name, where he has two love affairs, one of which ends in marriage, and the other in the lady's suicide.

Many people complain that the majority of our younger authors are only inspired by questions of sex. This criticism certainly applies to *Eve, an Artist's Model.*

HOW many of us know there is a region in the London underworld called "The Cross"? And yet most of us pass through it; some of us daily. This region is circumscribed. It is Villiers Street, running from the Strand to Charing Cross Underground Station and the Embankment Gardens, and serves as a sort of club-house for criminals and pseudo-criminals during the greater part of the day and night. You will read all about it in *Tinker's Kitchen* (Philip Allan: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Arthur R. L. Gardner. You will learn, too, of the questionable vocations followed by the "members," most of whom may be termed minor criminals. A book of profound interest and knowledge.

IT is a long time since I have read so original and delightful a book as *The Rest is Lies* (Cobden-Sanderson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Martin Carey. It is neither diary nor autobiography, but a combination of the two, which gives you the author's thoughts and impressions as they occur to him, not as they are remembered. Whether he is in Switzerland, Rome, or Capri, Mr. Carey conveys the atmosphere of his surroundings seen with the eye of a poet, and, no matter where he is, proves himself a most entertaining and stimulating companion with a very definite point of view and a sense of satire.

MOST English folk are rather hazy as to the sequence of Irish history in the five years following the rising in Easter week, 1916. You will get some idea of it from *The Irish Volunteer* (Dent: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Francis Carty. This book tells you how a young Irish tradesman is swept into the Sinn Fein movement when it reaches this native town, and how he becomes a volunteer and organiser of a "flying column."

The story centres round the little town of Dunmalys, and perhaps the most impressive part of the book is the author's descriptions of the normal life of the town with its paralysing undercurrent of terror and suspicion. The author takes no sides. He tells his story, simply and directly, and leaves a vivid picture of an unknown world upon your mind.

IF you read *The Midnight Bell,* by Patrick Hamilton, you will remember Jenny, a girl of the streets. In *The Siege of Pleasure* (Constable: 3*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Hamilton tells us the crucial episode in Jenny's life, which changed her from a respectable domestic servant into what she becomes. A glass of port was the deciding factor. It is admirably done, without a word of exaggeration, and so cleverly that you see the whole situation through Jenny's eyes.

That was AINTREE —that was

"GRAND NATIONAL" DAY IN RETROSPECT

Lady Helena Fitzwilliam in the paddock

Lady Balniel (left), Lady Maud Baillie and Lady Rachel Stuart

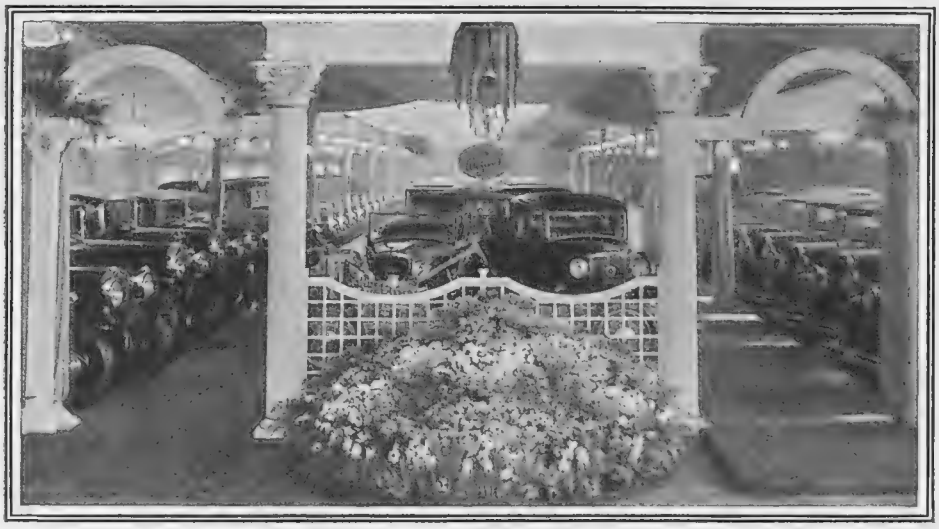
Lady Violet Astor and Lady Anne Hope concentrating on the racing

Below: Mrs. Michael Hornby (left) and the Hon. Esmé Glyn caught by the camera at Aintree

Mrs. Euan Wallace (left) and the Hon. Lionel Montagu watching the parade

Mr. J. McAlpine and Miss McAlpine unperturbed by the victory of an outsider in the Grand National

Mrs. John Drury-Lowe, armed with shooting-stick and the "book of words," at Aintree



A SPRING SHOW AT MAIDSTONE

The annual Spring Show held by Rootes, Ltd., at Maidstone, a view of which is seen above, was, as usual, splendidly organised and well attended. A comprehensive range of the cars and commercial vehicles distributed by Rootes, Ltd., was on view, including Rolls-Royce, Humber, Hillman, Austin and Standard cars and Commer commercial vehicles

FORGIVE AND FORGET

By E. M. WRIGHT

THE new regulations framed by the Metropolitan Police are very rightly described as the Motorist's Charter. They offer us still further relief from police court persecution on trumpery technical charges. The introduction of warning letters in place of the once inevitable summons and the equally inevitable conviction was a step—and a very important step—in the right direction. Now the warning letter is, I gather, to be largely dispensed with, and motorists will receive a verbal wigging on the spot if they transgress the thousand and one minor regulations they are expected to know and obey.

SUCH a warning will constitute your only punishment, and, a most important point, no record will be kept of these verbal reprimands. You may incur almost daily censure, but, provided that censure is given by word of mouth only, you will still be regarded by the law as a blameless, God-fearing citizen. Warning letters will be reserved as a more serious form of reprimand, and written warning will, of course, be recorded on your "crime sheet." At long last prosecutions are to be reserved for those cases where there is apparently deliberate intent to flout the law. Decent, self-respecting men and women will no longer be herded with drunkards, thieves, and the rag-tag and bobtail of humanity to be found in our police courts, because, forsooth, they have broken some obscure provision of the Road Traffic Act or of the multifarious regulations which derive their inspiration from it.

THIS new system of personal warning at present applies only to London, but doubtless other counties will follow London's lead. It will take probably years, however, before local bumbles, sitting in almost divine majesty in their local courts, learn of the new order of things. Not until the pre-motoring generation has passed away shall we receive treatment which even roughly approximates to fair play in little country courts. The police in London recognise now—it has taken them years to do so—that petty prosecutions waste time, and that there is bigger game to hunt. The value of real criminals has gone up. One bandit captured is worth many highly respectable motorists. But in little towns where crime is almost non-existent there will be temptations still to capture a motorist or two for lack of better prey, and country towns, too, are the only sanctuaries left for the fast-vanishing race of motor haters.

ON A HUNTING MORNING

Capt. John P. Black seen at a meet of the Atherstone Hunt. He is a Director and the General Manager of the Standard Motor Co., Ltd.

THIS system of warning, instead of prosecutions, is typical of our English way of doing things. We seldom repeal our laws, however irksome they may be. We retain the letter, but completely change the spirit in which those laws are applied. The law forbids lotteries, but who has *not* bought a ticket in the Irish Sweep? And who does not remember the farce of the old speed limit, which neither princes nor archbishops obeyed? Public opinion can, in effect, repeal ridiculous laws over Parliament's head. The police may make a show of enforcing them, and may make life a burden by an entirely capricious selection of victims, but in fact they *have* to shut their eyes.

THE new procedure is official winking at crime. I welcome any relief from a situation that has grown almost intolerable, but this winking at offences is an underhand and unsatisfactory method of reforming our laws. If the police wink at a motorist's delinquencies they will be all the more ready to forgive and forget other offences, like riding a push cycle without lights. It seems such a small offence, and yet, as every motorist knows, an unlighted push cycle constitutes one of the most serious dangers of night driving. The police have been lax enough—and lax is a kind word—in the past. Now, presumably, the worst a push cyclist who ignores the law has to fear is a fatherly lecture.

OFFICIAL winking at crime has this very real danger, that in practice it is often difficult to distinguish between offences so unimportant as scarcely to deserve a reprimand, and those which are in very truth crimes against the community. Common sense and common decency ought to be sufficient to decide which of the many offences motorists may commit are crimes, and which are merely breaches of the law. But it is not the policeman's job to draw such a distinction.

IT is surely a reductio ad absurdum for the Ministry of Transport to draw up hundreds of regulations and then for the police, in effect, to give motorists permission to break them. The commonsense way of reform is to abolish stupid and unnecessary regulations, and to leave the police free to administer such of the law as is essential to good order and public safety.

The A.A. Handbook

Every keen motorist ought to have a reference library, and no such reference library would be complete without the handbooks issued by either the A.A. or the R.A.C. These handbooks are, in fact, reference libraries in themselves. I have just received the 1932 edition of the A.A. Handbook, and it is a model of what such books ought to be. You could tour the whole country with this little book alone. The multifarious services to which members are entitled are all described, and with the handbook in your possession you need never be in difficulties. If it does not tell you there and then what you ought to do it will at least tell you where you can obtain the information or assistance you need.

Smooth Running

Mounting the engine on rubber cushions is a very simple and very effective means of eliminating engine vibration, and I am glad to see it is growing in popularity, particularly on smaller, lighter cars where, of course, vibration can be a serious nuisance. Just recently, for example, it has been introduced on the Hillman Minx. Both front and rear the engine is insulated from the chassis by rubber blocks, and the effect is greatly to improve the silence and smoothness of the car.

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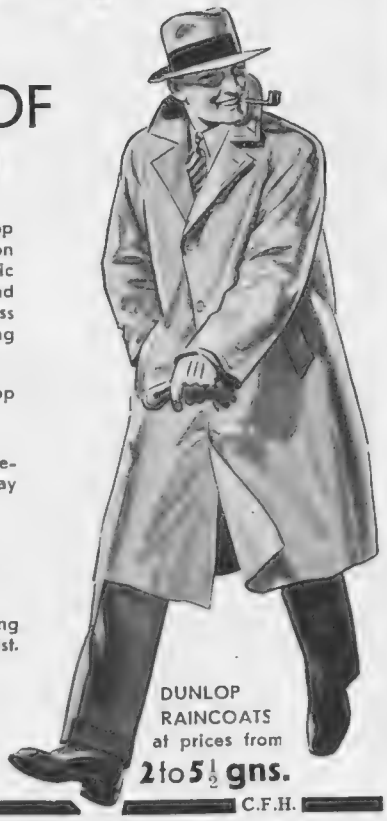

Wherever you go you will find a Dunlop Waterproof a comfort and a sure protection from rain. It is made from fine fabric specially selected for light weight, and proofed by the exclusive Dunlop process which renders the garment doubly strong and impervious to rain.

Ask your outfitter to show you this Dunlop Lightweight model of Super Indiana.

D.W. 002. A distinctive single-breasted coat smartly cut, with three-way collar; button through.

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SPOTS are much in vogue: This very new blouse of crêpe de Chine adopts them for itself and gaily reverses them in its soft bow tie. In white / black / reverse, pink / black / reverse, etc.; also in green / beige, blue / white, etc., with matching tie.

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With Peter Pan collar at the same price.

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Hats *for the* Spring

40.—Becoming Hat of Ballibuntal Straw, trimmed with ribbon. In a variety of colours including beige, brown, green, Lido-blue, red, navy *and* black. *Head-sizes:* 6½, 6¾, 7 *and* 7¼.

28/-

393.—Smart Hat in a new Cello Straw, in brown, blue or black, trimmed with coloured flowers and ribbon. Other colours to order. *Head-sizes:* 6¾ and 7¼

35/6

Catalogue of SPRING FASHIONS sent on request.

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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

Hors d'Œuvres Variés.

Consommé.

Saumon à la Maître d'Hôtel.

Blanquette de Veau.

Pommes Sautées.

Pouding de Mocha.

Croûtes aux Huîtres.

Dessert. Café.

Saumon à la Maître d'Hôtel

Divide a piece of salmon into slices of half an inch, and then mix on a plate two tablespoonfuls of salad oil and a teaspoonful of salt and pepper, and turn the sides in this all round. Broil for five minutes on each side. Place in a very hot dish, spread maître d'hôtel butter over them (butter mixed with lemon juice, salt, and parsley finely chopped). Garnish with parsley and serve.

Blanquette de Veau

Take 2 lb. of lean veal free from skin and fat; fry an onion cut into small pieces in butter, then add the meat and fry gently for ten minutes, taking care that it does not brown. Remove the meat to a hot dish, and add to the pan a pint of stock. Thicken the sauce, and when it has boiled for five minutes replace the meat, cover the pan closely, and put into a moderately hot oven for two hours. Turn the veal once during that time, and if necessary add a little more stock or water. Cut the meat into neat squares and keep hot in the oven while the sauce is finished. Let this boil up and add the yolk of an egg (stirring all the time) which has been beaten up with a dessertspoonful of lemon juice. Take the pan from the fire and strain the sauce over the meat and sprinkle with powdered parsley. Serve with a surround of green peas.

Pouding de Mocha

Beat ¼ lb. fresh butter and ¼ lb. of castor sugar to a cream. Add the yolks of two eggs and some very strong coffee to taste. This must be done very gradually so as not to curdle the mixture. It should look like a very thick mayonnaise sauce. Line a china mould with some sponge fingers, then put alternate layers of sponge cake and the mixture till the mould is full. Press down and allow to stand for two hours. Turn out, pipe with a little of the mixture, and stick browned almonds over, or cover with cream, and decorate with violets.

Croûtes aux Huîtres

Allow half the soft roe of a bloater and an oyster for each person. Have ready some fried croûtons of bread. Remove the beards from the oysters and then fry them in butter with the roes. Arrange a piece of roe on each croûton and an oyster on top. Sprinkle a few grains of cayenne pepper on each, then a squeeze of lemon juice, and serve very hot.

BEST SELLER (*continued from page 597*)

He did not in the least mind being organised into being a mere unit of a Communist state; the state was very welcome to his individuality; he had had enough of being a "personality" to last him a lifetime. He thought that he would live in Russia for the rest of his life.

Actually he was there a fortnight. There was a brass band at the docks—and it was blaring away for *him*. He was the famous English novelist who had come to see Russia and write about it as other famous English writers had done. He was to be shown what a splendid thing it all was, so that he could write home to the English newspapers saying so. But more than that, he was a great artist. He was neither bourgeois nor proletarist, but apart, he was almost holy. Russia venerates its artists. A gentleman with a portfolio explained it all to Shane. "During the Revolution," he said, "we respected our artists. We did our utmost to keep them in the country, but those who wished to go, to them we gave free passage."

Shane tried to explain that he did not want to be an artist, that he had only written a book because it had clamoured to be written. That he had no intention of writing another. That he did not believe in art either for art's sake or for heart's sake. That all he wanted was to be allowed to earn his living in some simple and useful way, such as digging roads or driving a tram.

The gentleman with the portfolio was delighted. It was a sure sign of genius, he said, when the artist so completely lacked self-consciousness—and Shane was carried off to a banquet and toasted in German, Russian, and English.

There were so many banquets during the next few days that Shane felt that there was even something to be said for being a celebrity—it meant ample if not regular meals. He was taken to see a publisher, who said that his book must be done into Russian immediately, and who pressed notes into his hand with promises of more to come.

Shane was very frightened. He knew from experience how soon large sums of money were exhausted when they were not regular, and he saw no chance of a job materialising. He was an artist, and therefore not allowed to earn his living.

He left Russia before his money gave out.

He told himself that he would have to write that book on Russia. He tried, but it was no good. He had been much too agitated during that brief visit to form any impression but that of Russia's stubborn refusal to see how urgently he required to be given a proletarian job.

He went to see his publisher. "I'm afraid I can't write that book on Russia. For heaven's sake give me a job as a clerk, or as a hand in the packing department. . . ."

His publisher smiled. "You creative artists are so highly strung," he said. "We can't allow you to have a breakdown. Don't worry. I will arrange to have the book written for you. With the name you have made for yourself we could sell anything. You will just supply the facts, and leave the rest to us."

In a few months everyone was talking about Shane Finsted's book on Russia. It sold very well—not as prodigiously as everyone imagined, but well enough to make a few hundreds for Shane. It hadn't the literary quality of "Mists of Desire," of course, but a book of that kind didn't call for fine writing. . . .

In the course of the next six months, "Purple Pomegranates," some short stories "by Shane Finsted" appeared. It sold very well indeed, though not with the people who had talked so much about "Mists of Desire." The reviewers all said that success had spoiled Shane Finsted; his writing in this book of short stories could not compare with the writing in his first book; that it was indeed difficult to believe that the same person could have written it.

Shane did not know what was said. He settled down in the country in a tiny cottage with a lot of Bach records and his good gramophone, where he lived very comfortably on the proceeds of the books he had not written. He is no longer a success; he has "faded out," like so many other "best-sellers"; but he has a small, steady following amongst people who like "Purple Pomegranates" and that sort of thing, and his obscurity affords him a living income, which is more than could be said for his success.

If he ever writes another line—which he will not do if he can help it—it will probably be an exquisitely written little treatise on the importance of being a nobody.

E. M.

Mr. D. J. Purden, Rifle Brigade, taking a serious toss during the Lamerton Foxhounds and Rifle Brigade Point-to-Point. The meeting was held at Kilworthy, near Tavistock

Bad Luck, Sir!

THE TALES OF DISASTER

Below: Mr. I. Reid and his mount, May Queen, part company in a manner more spectacular than comfortable during the Oxford and Cambridge Inter-Varsity race at the Grafton Hunt Point-to-Point. The meeting took place near Silverstone, Northamptonshire

OVER THE TOP AND THE WORST OF LUCK

Snood falls at the Open Ditch at Hawthorn Hill and throws his jockey, who luckily manages to fall clear of his mount. An incident during the running of the Three Miles Steeplechase

"OH WHAT A FALL WAS THERE — !"

Members of the Army and Air Force Boxing Teams at Baghdad after a flight from Palestine in "Horsa," one of Imperial Airways liners used on the Middle East service to Karachi

ESCORTED TOURS BY AIR

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Sunshine Cruises

THE revival in popularity of the sea voyage as a holiday in itself has taken place at the same time as the first escorted tours by air are being organised. From Croydon Airport it is possible to fly to all the big European cities and to many pleasure resorts. Imperial Airways has taken the initiative in association with an old-established travel agency by quoting an inclusive rate for holiday tours by air. Paris, Brussels, Lucerne, Lugano, and, in fact, all the sunny resorts in Switzerland and Italy are approachable by a combination of air and rail travel, and, when the bother about tickets, hotels, passports and Customs is undertaken by an agency, the holiday starts from the moment London is left behind. For those who can afford to go farther afield there is a wonderful circular tour from London to Palestine via Italy and Greece, returning through Egypt and Crete. In the summer this is carried out entirely by air, except for a night stage between Paris and Genoa and a short run from Cairo to Alexandria by rail. Handley-Page air liners are used for the overland sections, the Kent type flying boats across the Mediterranean, and each of these machines is the finest and most luxurious of its class in the world. Refreshments are served on board, and there is an absence of noise and draught comparable to the most luxurious of trains. To go by air is to travel first-class in every sense of the word.

A Fast Flight

THE "Blackburn Segrave," which was at one time known as the "Meteor" and was designed by the late Sir Henry Segrave, is one of the fast twin-engined machines which will make its mark as soon as the first batch from the factory is in the air. One is already being used by the British Air Navigation Company, and Captain "Bill" Styran made a fast flight to Dublin and back during the excitement over the Grand National Sweepstake. His time from Heston was 2 hrs. 20 m. on the outward journey, and 2 hrs. 40 m. coming back, each stage being flown, of course, non-stop. The machine is fitted with the latest Marconi wireless set for light 'planes, and the pilot was in touch with Heston and Croydon when he was as far away as Birmingham. The development of wireless communication between aircraft in flight and ground stations is one of vital importance. The day will come when every machine will be fitted with wireless as a matter of course, and pilots will be able to get information at any stage of a flight. Whilst on the subject of fast machines, I hear that the "Breda" 33, which is fitted with a Gipsy engine, is enjoying a considerable success abroad. During the "Tour of Italy" last year it carried off the principal honours, and quite a number have been shipped to the Far East. A new public transport 'plane from the same factory, equipped with three Pratt and Whitney "Wasp" engines, is being put into service in Italy. It has a cruising speed of 130 miles an hour, and carries a useful load of nearly 6,000 lbs.

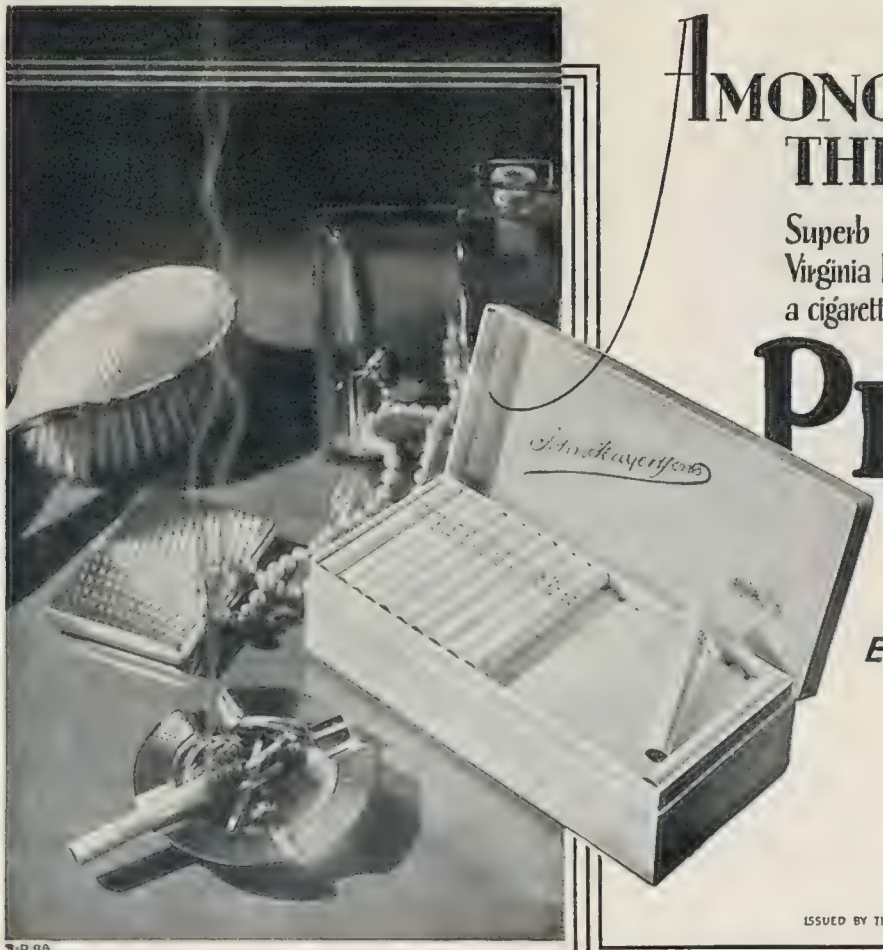
The Hanworth Club, one of the popular private flying centres for London, situated about half an hour's run by car from the West End

At Heston

THERE has been plenty of activity at the Airport recently, as fine weather encourages pupils, and many private owners have been overhauling and painting their machines ready for the coming season. Mr. Claude Grahame-White has been renewing his acquaintance with flying, and took up one of the School Moths a week or so ago. This was his first flight as a pilot for ten years, and his main impression was that the modern light aeroplane is remarkably easy to fly. Mr. Francis Francis has sold his Cutty Sark amphibian through Henlys to some people who propose to run a service from Blackpool to the Isle of Man during the summer. The Gipsy Moth, which was formerly owned by Mrs. Spencer Cleaver, has been touring the Continent to demonstrate the Robot pilot, a patent stabiliser of new design. Her new Puss Moth has been in use for a trip to Switzerland. The veteran Fokker used by Captain Barnard, with the Duchess of Bedford as passenger, for his record flights to India, South Africa and back, and for his tour of England last year when he carried 40,000 passengers, is still going strong. The British Ice Hockey Team travelled in it to Berlin, and Captain Barnard proposes to use it for long-distance taxi work this year. An open three-seater is a rarity, and, in fact, the only modern machine of this type which has been a success is the Spartan. Lieut.-Col. Louis Strange has a new one with a Gipsy engine, which cruises at 90 with full load, and glides in at what appears to be an absurdly slow speed with perfect safety. Three Spartans with Hermes engines were used by the Skywork Circus in South Africa. Their performance on aerodromes at an altitude of 6,000 feet above sea level was extremely good, and no replacements to machines or engines were found necessary during the tour.

Around the Clubs

THE first flying meetings of the year are held at Easter, and the season for dinners and dances has now closed. The Danum Aero Club, with Mr. Gordon Store as the guest of the evening, had a most successful time at their coming-out ball. The Club will provide temporary facilities for commercial machines until such time as the Municipal Airport has been opened. The Redwing Aircraft Company has put up a factory at Blue Barns, which is the aerodrome owned by Mr. John Howie and used by the Colchester branch of the Eastern Counties Club. Blue Barns is noted for its hospitality, and should certainly be included in the circular tour which is a fashionable occupation amongst pilots from the London district on Sunday mornings. The race for the *Morning Post* trophy will be flown from Heston on May 21 over a course of approximately 500 miles.



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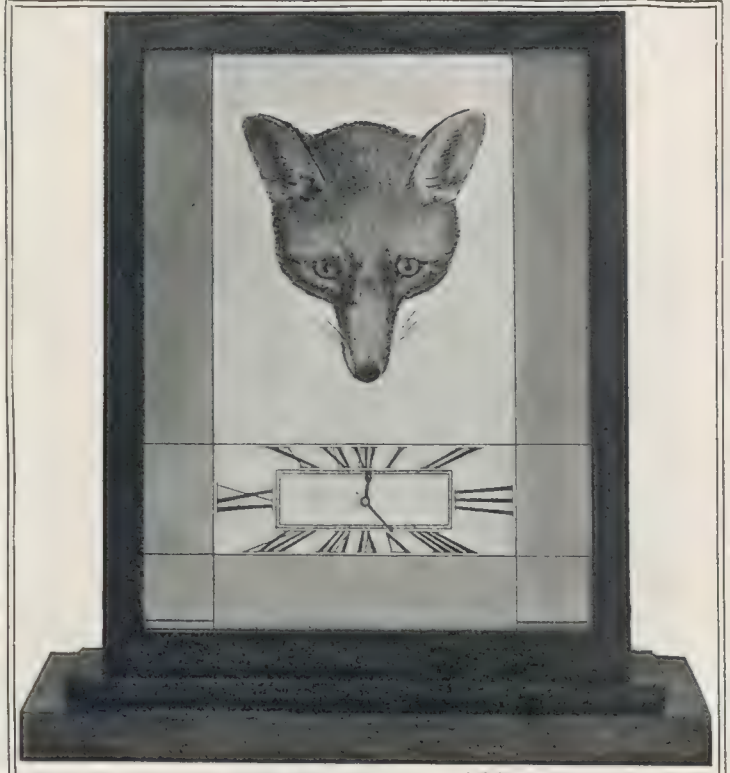

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POINT-TO-POINT MEETING

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PRIMITIVE PETS — By Lady Kitty Ritson

I ALWAYS think it is rather fascinating to look at one's pet dog, so much part of the family, and to speculate on what his origins are, and what part he played in the family life of ten thousand years ago. There is no doubt that he did play a large part, and therefore it is little wonder that he is now so nearly at one with us in all his moods and ways.

SEEDLEY STARLURN

An eight-months-old Rough Collie dog, which was shown with great success at the Manchester Annual Championship Dog Show

APART from the many legends connected with the dog, there is the testimony of science, which shows that the dog was adopted early as a friend and helper by primitive man. Whether this animal was "dog" as we now know it, or merely domesticated wolf, is difficult to say, but the remains of the bones of dogs, together with those of primitive man, are frequently found. I think I am right in saying that palæolithic man was the first human to domesticate a species of dog.

NO doubt the dogs hung round the camp fires for the sake of any bones that they might find, and eventually man found them useful in the chase and in rounding up the prey. Probably he adopted the pups of some half-tamed she-wolf and brought them up amongst his own savage offspring, who learnt as time went on to instil into them a rough idea of discipline.

PRIMITIVE man was probably far less afraid of wild animals than we are, because he must have lived far more closely to them and have known more about them. As I mentioned in an article the other day, nobody who knows anything about them is afraid of wolves, and most hunters and men who live in the wilds are not afraid of wild animals in the sense that the town-dweller is. The man who lives close to Nature knows that wild animals are content to lead their own lives, and very seldom will a wild beast go out of its way to attack man unless in defence of its young, or if it has been wounded. Primitive man must have known this, and probably made no bones about approaching a wild dog when the latter had become tame enough to allow of such a proceeding.

CH. RAVENHILL META

The Irish Setter owned by Sir Val Grace. It won the first prize, a special, and the championship at the Manchester Championship Show at Belle Vue Gardens

ALTHOUGH we cannot say with any degree of certainty whether the original animal domesticated by primitive man was dog or wolf, we do know that many of our present-day dogs had their counterpart in very early days. The greyhound was known in ancient Greece and in the days of the Pharaohs, and, of course, the Pekingese was celebrated as early as the Han dynasty.

CHOWS are also another very old breed, and are very likely the progenitors of the American husky who crossed the Behring Straits with the ancestors of the American Indian, and possibly mated with wolves. This opinion is held by various authorities in Canada.

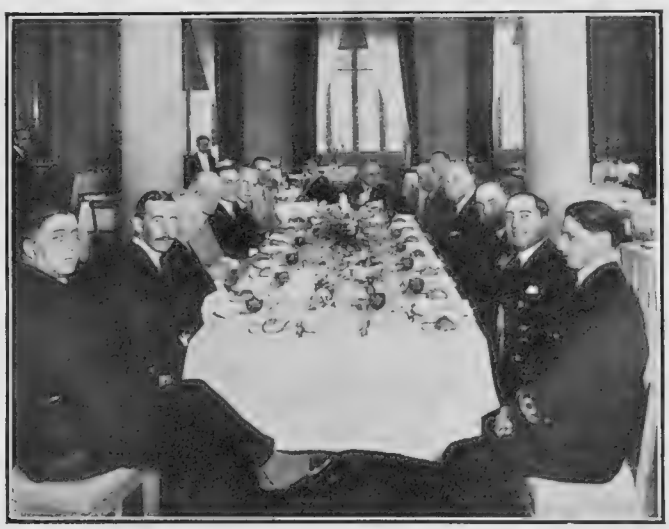
THE EDITOR'S BOX

Cricket in the Offing

No player or follower of cricket who is really keen on the game can afford to be without that vade mecum, Wisden's Almanack, and wherever the game is played, from Lord's to Lahore, its pages are consulted when any point of dispute arises. The Cricketers' Almanack for 1932 is as full of valuable information as an egg is full of meat. The contents are divided into two parts, the first containing such features as the Laws of Cricket, Umpires for 1932, Births and Deaths of Cricketers, Portraits, Cricket Records, England v. Australia in the Tests, Cricketers who have played in Test Matches against Australia in England and in Australia, Oxford and Cambridge Blues, Deaths in 1931, "Fifty Years of Yorkshire County," by Lord Hawke, "Five Cricketers of the Year," by S. J. S., "Public School Cricket in 1931," by A. Podmore, Notes by the Editor, C. Stewart Caine, and a Calendar for 1932. The second part is devoted to details of the New Zealanders' tour, County, Varsity, Public School, and other important matches. The Almanack is published by John Wisden and Co., Ltd., whose head office is at Fitzgerald Works, Mortlake, S.W.14, and whose West End Office and Showrooms are at 15, Great Newport Street, W.C.2, at five shillings, post free 5*s.* 6*d.* The cloth edition is priced at 8*s.*

Full of Interest

The Southern Railway publishes every quarter a most entertaining little review of matters concerning the company, and the issue of March, 1932, proves conclusively that the very high standard set has been not only maintained but improved. Written by E. P. Leigh-Bennett, who possesses the happy ability to present even the most prosaic collection of statistical facts in a pleasant and entertaining manner, the present issue of "Over the Points" will find a welcome from all those who travel on the Southern Railway and take a lively interest in the personal side of transport. Some idea of the enormous amount of careful organisation entailed in running so vast a concern can be gathered from the various tables of facts and figures to be found in this issue, which come as an "eye-opener" to the man-in-the-street.



A photograph taken at the Estoril-Palace Hotel during the luncheon given by the Minister of Marine in honour of Admiral Henderson, during the recent visit of the British aeroplane carrier, "Courageous," to Lisbon

Two Timely Books

The L.N.E.R. publicity department have just issued two small sixpenny volumes which should solve simply and effectively the problem of what to do at Easter for many thousands of Londoners. These two books are "Rambles in Hertfordshire" and "Rambles in Essex," and each contains a series of twelve footpath walks which keep the rambler off the main motor roads. The quiet charm of hearty, homely, roving Hertfordshire, and the green and beautiful countryside of Essex, are explained in detailed notes, and a small map outlines each ramble, which vary in length from nine to fifteen miles. The latest cheap day fares from Liverpool Street and King's Cross are also included as a note to each ramble.

For the Teeth

The need for proper care of the teeth is more widely realised to-day than ever before, and all wise people give very careful consideration to the question of what dentifrice to use, realising what an important part a really good one plays in the care of the teeth. That is why Kolynos, the antiseptic dental cream which, incidentally, is made in England, is so remarkably popular, for Kolynos whitens the teeth in an astonishingly short time, but stimulates the gums and purifies the oral cavity.

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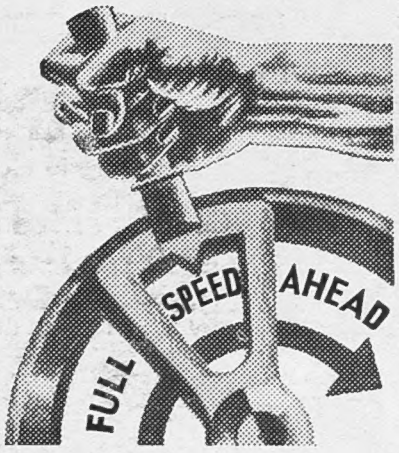

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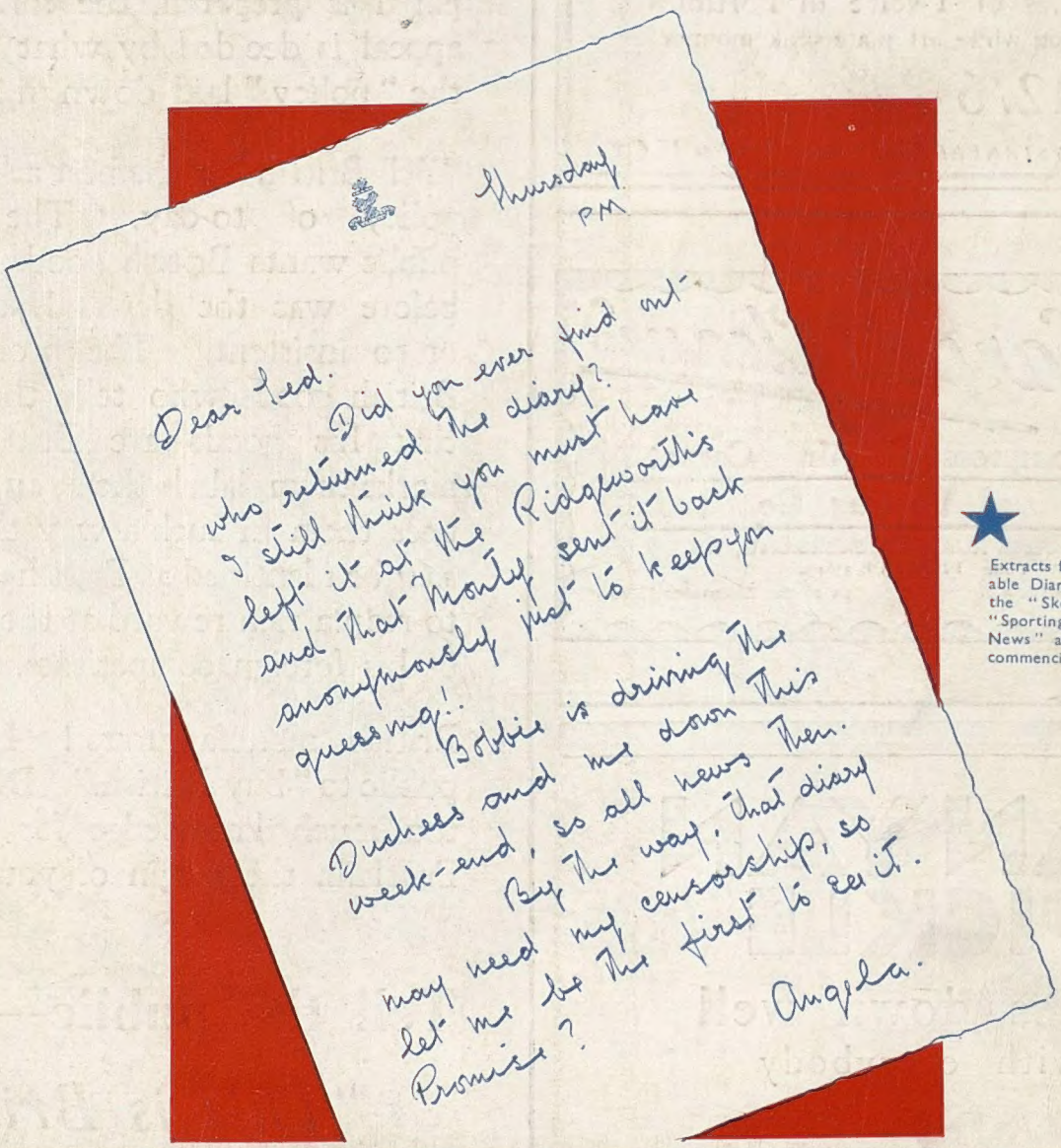
PERSONAL

SIR EDWARD THE ENTHUSIASTIC TENDERS HIS THANKS TO THE LADY OR GENTLEMAN WHO RETURNED THE DIARY OF HIS GREAT-GRAND-FATHER, SIR EDWARD - *THE 5th BARONET.*
AS THIS MUCH PRIZED OLD MS. WAS RECEIVED ANONYMOUSLY HE WISHES TO INFORM HIS BENEFACTOR THAT HE HAS SENT A CHEQUE TO ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.


Thursday
PM

Dear Ted.
Did you ever find out who returned the diary? I still think you must have left it at the Ridgeworths and that Mostyn sent it back anonymously just to keep you guessing!
Bobbie is driving the Duchess and me down this week-end, so all news then. By the way, that diary may need my censorship, so let me be the first to see it.
Promise?
Angela.

Extracts from this remarkable Diary will appear in the "Sketch," "Tatler," "Sporting and Dramatic News" and "Bystander," commencing next week.

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Three pairs Servants' Cotton Sheets, 2 × 3yds. ..	12/9 pair
Three Servants' Cotton Pillow Cases, 20 × 30in. ..	1/2 each
One doz. Damask Border Irish Linen Face Towels ..	33/- doz.
Six Servants' Linen Huckaback Towels	1/3 each
Six large Turkish Bath Towels, 29 × 60in.	3/3 each
Six Fine Linen Glass Cloths	11½d. each
Six Linen Kitchen Rubbers	1/2 each
Six Check Dusters	5½d. each
Six Polishing Dusters	5d. each
Three Linen Roller Towels	2/9 each
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Two pairs Single Bed Blankets, All Wool	32/6 pair
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